

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

Our Sketches.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE SOUTH, }
Morris Island, S. C., Aug. 24, 1863. }

Having found it necessary to employ Mr. W. T. CRANE to make sketches of the progressive demolition of Fort Sumter by our batteries, I most cheerfully bear testimony to the general accuracy of his delineations.

Q. A. GILLMORE,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

We insert the above high testimony to the fidelity of the sketches which we have given

of the operations of our army and navy in the Department of the South, the more readily as it was entirely unsolicited by us.

No reader of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER can now indulge any doubt as to the truth of what we occasionally say of the merit of our sketches as actual living pictures of events passing around us.

We spare no expense in keeping at every important point competent Artists, all of whom could obtain from the Generals on the field similar testimonials. Such we have never sought; but when, amid the cares of so great a campaign, Gen. Gillmore can stop to commend our exertions, it is no vanity on our part to lay it before our readers.

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

THE war has had its terrors. The deep hypocrisy of the Confederate leaders, who, hanging Union men in Tennessee and Missouri as bridgeburners, guerillas, or simply and nakedly as Union men, insulted Heaven and outraged humanity by their mendacious protests against the reprisals occasionally and too seldom made by our kindly-hearted authorities, reaches a climax in the fearful massacre at Lawrence, Kansas.

In atrocity, in bloodthirsty cruelty, in barbarity, rapine and fiendishness it has no parallel in our history. A town entered treacherously by night, nearly 200 of its people butchered without mercy, the city pillaged and fired, such is, in the eyes of the sanctimonious Davis and Beauregard, a

part of civilized warfare. When Bishop Lynch chanted his Te Deum to thank the Almighty that civil war had begun, was it to ask the benediction of heaven on scenes like this?

The immediate perpetrator of the frightful massacre was Quantrell, who has, for the last two years, figured in guerilla war, in Missouri, and though often defeated, never captured. His force consisted of 800 picked men from Lafayette, Saline, Clay, Johnson and other border counties of Missouri. It started on the 20th from Middle Fork, Grand river, 15 miles from the Kansas border, and crossed the line near the town of Gardner, reaching Lawrence at four o'clock on the morning of the 21st. He posted a guard around the city and began the work of mur-



THE WAR IN KANSAS—FEARFUL MASSACRE AT LAWRENCE BY QUANTRELL'S GUERRILLAS.

der, arson and robbery. The place was completely taken by surprise, and this handsome town, which so well manifested its New England origin in its neat and comfortably furnished houses, was soon enveloped in flames, the war of the element alone drowning the cries of its inhabitants as they fell under the hands of the murderers, or the shrieks of the women and children who saw all dear to them butchered before their eyes.

A small body was organized to pursue the rebels, who soon scattered, and at the latest accounts many had been killed and much property recovered. The loss is estimated at about \$2,000,000.

According to the Worcester Spy, Quantrell is not a Missourian, but went over to the Border Ruffians of that State because he had become too base a villain for any other association. His real name is Hart. Sometime after Kansas was organized as a Territory he went there, and became a resident of Lawrence. When the Border Ruffians began their outrages in Kansas he acted with the Free State men, joined one of the military companies, and for a short time, we believe, was connected with John Brown's men, but failed to win his confidence.

After a time Quantrell—or Hart, rather—formed a secret connection with the Border Ruffians. He was fast losing reputation at Lawrence, and found it desirable to seek new and more congenial associations. He served the ruffians as a spy, concerted with them plans for abducting colored people from Kansas, and continued to operate in this way until Lawrence was not likely to tolerate him much longer. The fear of lynch law constrained him to leave the State. Soon after the present war began he turned up in Missouri, as the leader of a lawless band of guerrillas.

Barnum's American Museum.

SUMMER DRAMATIC SEASON, under the direction of that talented and popular actor, C. W. CLARKE, Esq., assisted by many of the best Artists of the day. Also, to be seen at all hours, the OURANG OUTANG, TIGER CATS, BOA CONSTRICTOR, AUTOMATON WRITER, etc., etc. Admission to all, 25 cents. Children under Ten, 15 cents.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—My Husband—The Green Monster—Love Successful and Otherwise—The Rose of the Galtees—Who Was to Blame?—Love and Grief—The Siren.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The regiments of the army of the Potomac are fast filling up with recruits obtained by the draft.

The rebel Gen. Mosby, who, with his guerrillas, almost entered Alexandria, was pursued, and, it is reported, mortally wounded near Leesburg. Gen. White is in command of another band of guerrillas giving great annoyance. Both are guided by pseudo-loyal Virginia farmers.

An expedition of the 3d Pennsylvania artillery, under Major Stevenson, ran up the Chickahominy, in a steamboat, on the 23d August, and dispersed Robinson's rebel cavalry.

On the 28th a mail, in charge of some cavalry, was captured by guerrillas, near Harwood Church, and two men killed.

The gunboats Satellite and Reliance were captured by the rebels at the mouth of the Rappahannock on the 26th.

NORTH CAROLINA.

This poor State, dragged reluctantly into the vortex of treason, seems sadly discontented with the Elysian Government inaugurated by the statesmen and humane warriors of the Cotton States.

On the 8th a vessel, with army stores, ran the blockade and entered Wilmington; but the cargo was seized by the people, who were sustained by Gov. Vance.

On the 24th the frigate Minnesota and six gunboats, after running ashore, on the 18th, the blockade-runner Hebe, bombarded Fort Fisher, near New Inlet, and destroyed the vessel with her cargo, which had been landed. The blockade-runners are, however, very active, no less than twelve having got in, in five days. A large rebel steam sloop of war, from England, with the English flag flying, is said to have been of the number.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Fort Sumter is a heap of ruins, 604 shots having been fired at it on the 22d, and though it has not, and probably will not, surrender formally, is no longer an obstacle. Gen. Gillmore, on the 23d, opened on the city of Charleston with Short's Greek fire shell, after having demanded the surrender of the fort and city, and having given Gen. Beauregard notice to remove non-combatants. As Gillmore's incendiary shells fell on the city, Beauregard, the wretch who refused to give up Col. Cameron's body; who allowed his troops to dig up the body of the noble Major Ballou and convert it into hideous trophies; who buried our prisoners when they died in negro burial-grounds; who more recently buried Col. Shaw under negro soldiers; who, in a word, has in every way heaped outrage and indignity on the soldiers of the country, protested against Gillmore's inhumanity. But as Gen. Gillmore bombarded Charleston to burn it or compel its surrender, he continued.

The fleet has not yet advanced on the city, but has aided in the bombardment of the forts. An attempt was made to destroy the Ironsides by torpedoes, which was fortunately prevented.

According to rebel accounts, Gen. Gillmore made a vigorous attack on their rifle pits at nightfall, and the bombardment of the forts was continued on the 27th. Our troops are still working at the trenches before Sumter.

GEORGIA.

On the 15th the Everglade, a side wheel steamer, ran out of Savannah and passed Fort Pulaski, but was overhauled by the Madgie and sunk near Tybee Island. Besides cotton, she had officers and men for a privateer, some of whom are taken.

TENNESSEE.

On the 21st, Col. Wilder appeared before Chattanooga and opened fire on the enemy's works, sinking one and disabling another steamer at the wharf. Gen. Johnston is said to be in command, having superseded Bragg. On the night of the 22d, Col. Wilder crossed the Tennessee and burnt the railroad bridge at Shellmound.

On the 30th Gen. Rosencrans crossed the Tennessee at four points, Gen. Reynolds capturing a large force at Shell Mound and a camp at Falling Water. The guerrilla Mays and Cannon, M.C.C.S., were among the prisoners.

Gen. Crittenden is meanwhile operating above Chattanooga, and Gen. Burnside menacing Buckner in Kingston, so that the rebel army is assailed on all sides.

KANSAS.

The massacre at Lawrence has aroused a fierce spirit of vengeance, and bloody reprisals will be made. The inhabitants of several frontier counties in Missouri implicated in the horrid atrocity have received orders to remove, and a large force is organizing in Kansas to enter Missouri.

The total number massacred in Lawrence is 183.

MISSOURI.

A band of guerrillas on the 26th stopped the steamboat Live Oak, at Berlin, on the Missouri river, robbed the boat and passengers, and then released them.

ARKANSAS.

Woodson's cavalry a few days since captured a guerrilla force at Pocahontas, taking, among other prisoners, the notorious Gen. Jeff Thompson and his staff.

LOUISIANA.

Admiral Porter announces the entire success of the late expedition up the Red and White rivers, great quantities of rebel stores having been destroyed, and the only two rebel steamers taken.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

Citizenship and its Duties.

The draft, a measure severe in its action, but rendered necessary by the exigencies of the country, and resorted to reluctantly by Congress only when it had been used by the rebels to maintain in the field the large armies which have enabled them to prolong the war, has shown the real love of the people for the Government.

The native-born citizens, "free to the manor born," loving freedom and willing to make sacrifices to preserve it, full of respect for the Government they love and honor, have generally obeyed the law, in spite of its occasional hardship, as no similar law was probably ever obeyed. The chief opposition to it has come from adopted citizens, from aliens who, landing in this country, eagerly sought citizenship, allured by its advantages, but forgetful that it had burdens also. To be able to vote as well as the richest in the land, to rise occasionally to office, were inducements too great to be resisted. Many of these new-made citizens, moving in the humbler spheres, were never directly taxed or called upon to perform jury duty or be enrolled in the local militia. They had all privileges, with no burdens.

The rebels have almost from the first resorted to conscription, and have enforced it wherever their arms penetrate. They drag off loyal men in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri; but no condemnation

of their course ever appeared in the journals that have in the North supported their cause, and labored to inflame the public mind, ostensibly against the Administration, but really against the Government.

The Conscription Act passed Congress after full discussion and became the law of the land. Every instinct of patriotism prompted obedience to it. If in cases its operation would be harsh, the inborn liberality of the American people would enable the sufferer to procure the substitute at the low rate proposed by the act. Never was there an occasion where opposition to the enforcement of an act was less justifiable. But at once a system of attack was inaugurated. The minds of the masses were inflamed, and New York shows the fearful result of the unwise, unpatriotic, if not malicious suggestions.

After a million and a half of property has been destroyed in the city, which the taxpayers must pay, the Board of Supervisors give two millions more from the pockets of the taxpayers in order to relieve ten thousand of the men drafted in the city, as though of the twenty thousand drafted one-half could really show any sound reason for exemption. The result will be that New York will furnish so few that the city will be called upon to pay a few millions more in bounty to fill up regiments, and thus crush the citizens under the accumulated taxes. Why should all in the end come upon the taxpayer? Why should not the citizen, who voluntarily accepts the rights and duties of citizenship, take his part of the public burdens, and if unable to contribute in money, contribute by personal service? If in Europe, perhaps, he was not called on to enter the army as a conscript, at all events he was debarred from many privileges open to him here.

Among the questions which this war will bring up for more statesmanlike examination than it has heretofore received will be this question of naturalization. The laws passed in the infancy of the Government are not suited for its prime. Naturalization should be easy, but it should be explicit, that the many shall not, as heretofore, rush madly into it, without a thought of its responsibilities; and one amendment should certainly be at once introduced, that no one who has ever borne arms against the United States in any civil war or insurrection shall, under any circumstances, be admitted to citizenship.

Louis Napoleon's Elephant.

HISTORY records only one man who knew what to do with his elephant—need we add that it was Barnum. That prince of comic papers, the Budget of Paris, in its latest number, has admirably portrayed Louis Napoleon's present unhappy position as "the Corsican uncle" carrying his Mexican elephant upon his shoulders and offering it to the Austrian Archduke, who seems in a "decidedly undecided" state of mind whether to take or reject the unwieldy and dangerous gift. Despite the apparent anxiety of the French monarch for the Archduke's acceptance of the glittering bauble, it is suspected that the offer was made as a blind to his real wishes, which are to retain it more immediately under French rule without rousing the jealousy of Europe. The only advantage Napoleon could gain from Maximilian's occupation of the Mexican throne would be the support of that power in a war with the United States; but every one knows how little aid an inland nation like Austria could afford. Even Spain or Italy would be more available. As for England joining in any guarantee of the throne to a prince of the house of Hapsburg, it is too obsolete for consideration. That might have been entertained in the days of Castlereagh, but not those of King Paddy O'Fam. The aristocracy of England would undoubtedly be glad to see her assume such an antagonistic position to her great rival, but she is not fool enough to join a partnership where she would have to do the lion's share of fighting. She did not back out of the Mexican adventure in 1861, when all looked gloomy for us, to get into another in 1863, when our eagles are everywhere triumphant. In the meantime, if Maximilian does not take the elephant off Louis Napoleon's shoulders this year, we will brush it off ourselves in the next.

Shortsighted England.

THE spread of the English language, English laws and principles of government in the last century has been great indeed, without, perhaps, its parallel in history. In America all the northern continent, down to the 28th degree, is in this sense English, and islands in the Caribbean sea, and small tracts in Central and South America attest its widespread powers. The vigorous Republic, the United States, was extending it even into the misgoverned realm of Mexico, and districts which under Mexican rule had been worthless are now teeming with population and prolific in mineral and agricultural wealth.

The rival of England, in whose people's veins hate of England burns with an intensity equal to that of life, proposes to check the progress of the English language, law and customs. It announces that it will make the Latin race preponderant in America, and check English (as distinguished from Latin) progress. Autocracy in France resolves to mirror itself by an autocracy in Mexico, so as to check liberal government in America. Texas, once claimed by France; Sonora, ineffectually sought by clandestine French intrigue; Louisiana, once a French colony, are tempting, and in the midst of a civil war in the United States she hopes to win them all. This is not strange. The boundless ambition that must, fever-like, rage in the veins of a Napoleon, seeks conquest. But will it be credited that calm, far-sighted English statesmen aided him thus, not only in checking the progress of freedom and constitutional government, but actually aided him to regain the barbaric forms of autocracy vast regions, where constitutional government was in full operation, and others where the people were undergoing the necessary probation to fit them for it? Yet such is really the case.

The struggle is between free government and Caesarism, and England throws her whole weight into the latter scale. Jealous as she is of her liberties, she aids a hated rival to extinguish liberty, and on its ruins raise the palace of an imperial Caesar.

England has in every way sought, during the last two years, to weaken the United States—to prolong and embitter the fearful civil war that convulses it. She has furnished the rebels with officers, arms and money, regardless of solemn treaties and regardless of our conduct towards her. And now she aids her own great rival in overthrowing a Republic and menacing our frontier. Come, statesmen of England, leave your Punch, with its low caricatures of America; leave your fraternal jealousy, and say to yourselves: "Have we acted wisely?" When England stands without a friend in the world, when the French indulge in "habitual declamations against English perfidy and selfishness," when the Russians are "bitterly offended

at English interference," when Prussians "regard English policy with suspicion and dislike," was it wise, when America was gradually losing the remembrance of former ill-feeling, and manifested every inclination for close and friendly concert in the great part marked out by Providence, to turn the young Republic into a bitter enemy, and enable the natural enemy of both to secure a vast and wealthy empire in the heart of the continent?

Stat Nominis Umbra.

America has caught a Junius. We have had plenty of Napoleons, Caesars, Hannibals and Hakkylava charges, but in the words of Byron—

After cloying the town with cant,
The age discovered they were not the true one.

But now we have really got that *vera avis*, "a Junius," and it turns up in the shape of the author of the New Gospel of Peace. This clever squib has been attributed to several well-known authors. We are, however, inclined to think it too much for any one author, like the enormous oyster which required half a dozen men to swallow whole; we consequently opine that Cornelius Mathews supplied the dry humor, Greeley the political knowledge, Parson Beecher the piety, Willis the felicity of compound epithets, Bryant the patriotism, Halleck the imagination, and Wendell Holmes the learning; but the exact proportions are only known to the modern Woodfall, Mr. Sinclair Tousey. Since writing the foregoing we have been informed by a reliable contraband that the real author is Mr. Abraham Lincoln. Should this be true, we have lost our Junius, but certainly found one of the cleverest *jeux d'esprit* of the times.

The Ambulance Corps.

It is no idle tale that they tell of our wounded soldiers lying for several days on the battlefield without food or water or surgical assistance. It is estimated that thousands have perished that way, and there is every chance that thousands more will die in like manner, unless the Government will consent to the raising of an Ambulance Corps, whose special duties will be to gather up the wounded in the time of action, staunch their bleeding, bind up their wounds and convey them at once to hospitals; to bury the dead, and to attend the sick. The Ambulance Corps has been for many years established in all the European armies; it was found to be not only a necessity but an economy, for while hundreds would die from the copious bleeding of slight wounds, and thus be forever lost to the service, the Ambulance Corps would save the lives of these men, and after a few days return them to their places in the ranks. Thus mercy and economy are combined.

The duties and the drill of this important arm of the service were fully illustrated last winter at the Academy of Music and elsewhere by a body of officers and men, raised and instructed by Col. Henry R. Foote, who has made the ambulance system a special study, and has prepared a manual for the drill and a schedule of the duties. These exhibitions created a profound sensation among the active class of patriotic humanitarians, who believed that the life of a citizen soldier was as well worth saving as that of a hired mercenary of despotic rulers, and they brought a powerful influence to bear both upon the General and the State Government. But their representations were of no avail, and the movement, hitherto sustained at the individual expense of Col. Foote and his friends, was suspended for the time being. The terrible fate of our wounded before Fredericksburg, and the horrible deaths of hundreds of our wounded who were burned in the woods at Chancellorsville, have caused a revival of the movement, and this time we hope that Col. Foote and his friends will triumph in the cause of humanity and justice to the soldiers fighting our battles. It is proposed to raise a regiment in every State, and to detail them in companies for special ambulance service to all the divisions of our armies in the field. Col. Foote's pamphlet, containing his address, delivered before the late Legislature at Albany, gives a terrible picture of the prolonged and frightful sufferings of our wounded soldiers after various fights, and presents the details of a practical remedy, which he can supply, and which our Government should adopt at once. We should think there would be no want of volunteers to serve in such a corps.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The vote in Kentucky, with 11 counties to bear from, footed up an aggregate of 128,638. The total vote for Governor in 1850 was 148,479; in 1860, for President, 147,216; Border State Convention in 1861, 111,129. The 11 counties to be heard from will probably bring the vote of this year up to 130,000, but 13,000 less than that of 1860, and not quite 17,000 less than that of the Presidential election in 1860. More than this deficiency of voters have left the State and joined the rebel army. The vote in 1863 must, therefore, be considered a fair average, as compared with elections of previous years.

Gen. Garibaldi has written a letter to President Lincoln, in which he congratulates him upon the noble efforts made by the Northern States, and upon our recent successes.

Owing mainly to Mr. Boole's excellent arrangements and great activity in cleaning the streets, the mortality of the city is rapidly becoming less.

The Committee for examining the claims against the city get through them at the rate of 20 a day. As there are 3,000, it will occupy six months merely to pass them.

A violent tornado passed over a corner of the village of Watertown, N.Y., on the 26th, doing much damage to buildings and trees. In one place about 30 feet of road plank was ripped up and hurled against a team near by, killing the driver, John Hart, instantly.

The French war steamer Tisophon, Commander Maranault, New Orleans, August 15, Key West 18th, and Charleston 23d, arrived at New York on the 27th. The Tisophon is a sidewheel steamer of 800 tons burden, 250 horse power, has a crew of 140 men, and mounts eight guns. The Commander reports that the siege at Morris Island was still progressing. Fort Sumter was a complete heap of ruins, but had not surrendered.

Fire-Marshal Baker presented his semi-annual report for the last six months, ending on the 31st of May, to the Board of Aldermen last week, and the document was ordered on file. The report contains, as usual, many valuable suggestions for the prevention of fire, and recommends an ordinance to regulate the storage of petroleum oils. The aggregate number of fires for the half year ending the 31st of May was 170, being a diminution of 13 as compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year. The alleged losses amount to \$902,210, the insurance to \$3,119,190, and the amount paid by the underwriters to \$264,605. This is \$73,264 less than the amount paid by the insurance companies during the corresponding six months of the previous year. The statistical part of these reports has become almost invaluable to the insurance companies.

The potato crop in the Eastern States will be unusually large this season.

A travelling circus manager attempted to exhibit his circus in Jersey City without a license; but the fact coming to the ears of the Chief of Police, that gentleman compelled him to hand over the fee and take out his papers; the performance was then allowed to proceed, when another claim was presented for the rent of the lot on which the tents were pitched; this too was paid. After the show was over the concern started for New York, but at the ferry gate was met by a constable with a writ of attachment for debt, and the establishment seized. This last bill was finally paid, and the circus manager allowed to leave the soil of Jersey, much to his satisfaction and peace of mind.

Jersey City having filled up its quota, very generously set to work and helped that very lame dog Hoboken over the stile. The banks of Jersey City have agreed to advance the money to pay the bounty.

Thaddeus Stevens is of the opinion that the payment of \$300 by a drafted man is precisely the same as furnishing a substitute—it clears the party for the entire term of three years, and during that time he cannot be again liable to draft.

The correspondence between Gen. Dix and Gov. Seymour has been published relative to the draft. Gov. Seymour complains that the Federal authorities acted with "deliberate precipitation," and that at first it received. Gen. Dix replies, as all military men have done from Caesar to Haynau. His philosophy of Government is: "Give me sufficient bayonets and I'll execute any law." "Order reigns in Gotham."

As an instance of how ridiculous we make ourselves, we give the following paragraph from the Tribune: "The Bedouin Arabs, who are now in this city, 12 in number, intend visiting the Central Park this afternoon. On their arrival at the pagoda, Harvey B. Dodworth will play the national hymn of Arabia in honor of their presence." The distinguished strangers thus honored are "circus jumpers."

For the convenience of those having articles of silver liable to taxation, one of our leading silversmiths and jewellers states that the weight can be determined by any grocer's weights duly sealed, allowing for each 16 oz. avoirdupois about 14 oz. Troy, or to be more accurate 14 oz. 11 pwt. 16 gr. Troy.

A barber in Bangor, Me., has opened a very handsome shaving and haircutting saloon, where none but lady assistants are employed. Samsons are very plentiful in offering their locks and beards to the Bangor Dallahs!

The Steuben Courier says that a man walked 40 miles to claim exemption from the draft, on the ground of inability to stand long marches and the hardships of camp life.

Western.—A tornado passed over the town of Buenos Vista in Wisconsin, a day or two since, killing three and wounding several.

The recent massacre of the citizens of Kansas by the rebel guerrillas has roused the people of both Missouri and Kansas to such an extent, that every grown-up person is in full pursuit of Quantrill's bloodhounds. Over 100 have been captured and killed, and there is little doubt that the leader will himself fall into our hands. He is the Nema Sahib of the West. Gen. Jim Lane is at the head of one band of Union men.

Quite a cotton plantation has been established in Egypt, or Southern Illinois, by a party of wealthy Cincinnati merchants. The seed was brought from Tennessee, and already 7,000 acres have been planted. The land is worked by East Tennessee and Georgia refugees, who are paid \$1.50 per day during the cotton season, and \$2 per day for the culture of the potato.

Southern.—A sham battle was recently fought at Richmond in the presence of Jeff Davis and his wife. The Richmond papers speak of it as going off with great eclat.

Capt. Sawyer and Fling had not been executed up to the last accounts from Richmond, nor was it likely they would, as Gen. Lee and Col. Winder would be immediately hanged in retaliation. The Conspiracy act is carried out with so much rigor that the attendants in hospitals are taken; it now includes all from 16 to 60, being *en masse*, no substitutes are permitted. Mr. Willis, with his usual love of compound words, says, "most certainly the Cotton States will come maleless out of this terrible trouble." In which case there will be a considerable number of Southern widows to divide among us for the purpose of consolation. Their thus coming into competition with Northern beauty will engender much jealousy.

A New York paper, to show that slave property keeps up in Georgia, states that a slave lately sold for \$2,525. It is stated on reliable authority, that at the same time and place a barrel of flour cost \$200, and the purchaser was obliged to pay \$100 to get it carried home! That is \$300 for a barrel of flour. At this rate the negro was worth about eight barrels of flour, which may be purchased here for less than \$80. So much for negro stock.

The Richmond *Whig* of August 21st says, in an editorial: "The loss of Vicksburg and the failure at Gettysburg are the two events of the year, which seem to render highly probable a long and almost indefinite continuance of the war. Apart from the victories we may achieve in the field, there are but two means for counteracting the baneful effects of these events and bringing hostilities to an earlier close. These are either foreign intervention or a determined and successful resistance by the conservative masses at the North to the abolition faction which has control of the Government at Washington. A long and protracted war would prove a great evil, wholly unmixed with good, for the longer the war continues the more thoroughly saturated the Southern heart would become with the whole Yankee race and Yankee institutions. We want the aid of France. We are able to pay for it. Let us do it. We shall then have peace, or the power to wreak a rich revenge on our foul foe."

The Georgia *Constitutionalist* of the 24th of August contains a letter from Robert Toombs, late Senator of the United States and late Rebel Secretary of State. It is undoubtedly and startling evidence of the utter bankruptcy and failure of the Confederacy. He boldly exposes the wickedness and corruption of the managers of the bogus Government, and says that the whole rebellion is rotten, useless and wicked. The laws are weak, and the rulers oppressive, and a starving community are impoverished and plundered. We quote the following remarkable paragraph: "Can I say more to expose the boundless folly of our present financial system? The history of the currency of our enemies since the beginning of this war is humiliating to us. Either had foreign credits, both had powerful and established State Governments to back them. We were united in favor of the war. They were divided. They have kept twice the number of men in the field that we have, upon half the money, and paid their soldiers better than we have. Their treasury notes are at a discount of less than thirty per cent., ours at more than one thousand. The reason is solely that their Government has better understood and more firmly adhered to the true principles of currency than ours. In all else we had the advantage."

Military.—The officers of the steamer Forest City, which took nearly 1,000 conscripts from Long Island to Alexandria, say that frequent threats were made on the passage by the substitutes on board to burn the steamer, but no attempt was made to execute them. On arriving in the Potomac many efforts at escape were made. One man was shot while attempting to swim ashore. Another was discovered in the water with a box over his head, and on being picked up, was found to have \$600 in his belt. After landing, quite a number escaped while on the way to the army in the cars.

A correspondent at Vicksburg says: "The appearance of Adj. Gen. Thomas is attended with far

less eclat than was his former visit; but, on the other hand, the work which he has made his specialty is progressing in a much more satisfactory manner. Quietly, but with a steadiness that guarantees the ultimate success of the enterprise, the fifty skeleton regiments of colored troops are filling up. There are some twelve of these regiments in this immediate vicinity, which number at this time about 8,000 in the aggregate. Recruits are being continually brought in."

Capt. Hunter, of the 13th Virginia regiment (rebel), and four men of the Rebel Topographical Engineers, were captured on Monday by our cavalry, in King George county, while engaged in making a survey.

Gen. Grant was at Cairo with Adj. Gen. Thomas on August 23, on a tour of inspection. They left Cairo for Vicksburg after a few hours' stay.

Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, was at Stevenson, Ala., on August 21, and states that a little before noon on that day Gen. Rosecrans, accompanied by members of his staff and his little son, visited Bridgeport, where the late extensive bridge over the Tennessee was destroyed. While he was there a rebel sharpshooter fired at him across the river, five hundred and fifty or six hundred yards, the ball striking the body of a tree over his head, and another, fired at his son, the ball passing within two feet of the gallant little fellow.

By special telegram from Cairo we have further particulars concerning the results of the two cavalry expeditions, one from Vicksburg and one from Memphis, which formed a junction at Grenada, Mississippi, on the 18th inst. Although the rebels were on the lookout, and had the cars filled with rails, ready for the torch, our brave fellows chased them over the Tallahatchie, when they fired the bridge, together with four hundred cars and destroyed fifty-seven locomotives. With the locomotives and cars being destroyed in this section, this makes seventy-seven of the one and six hundred of the other.

The city of Knoxville, Tennessee, which is directly in the path of the onward march of General Burnside's army, is the capital of Knox county, and was formerly the seat of the State Government. It is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Holston river, four miles below its confluence with the French Broad river, one hundred and eighty-five miles east of Nashville, and two hundred and four miles southeast of Lexington, Kentucky. It has several important railroad connections, extending into Virginia and Georgia.

Lieut. Col. Lockwood reports a series of robberies of the mails of the Third Division of the Second Army Corps, running from the 8th to the 25th of August. Several thousands of dollars in Government and private drafts, checks, and funds, have been purloined, and the letters covering them found along the route. The mail carriers are under arrest.

Accounts from the country between the Potomac and Rappahannock show that the rebels have a considerable infantry force at Port Conway, and are prosecuting their conscription vigorously. Gen. Kilpatrick had a skirmish with them several days ago, and was compelled to fall back from his reconnaissance.

About thirty negroes have reported at the Draft Rendezvous in New Haven as the result of the draft. On Saturday Gen. Hunt sent about twenty-five of them down to Providence, R. I., to join a light battery in progress there. The negro conscripts, according to the *Journal*, have been among the most orderly and faithful men at the rendezvous, and their conduct deserves to be mentioned to their credit.

The noted rebel chieftain, Major J. R. McCann, commonly called Dick, whose depredations were nearly, if not quite, equal to those of the guerrilla Morgan, is snugly lodged in the Tennessee Penitentiary, at Nashville. He with his brother and thirteen of his band were captured on the 19th inst., after a desperate struggle.

Since the 1st of July one thousand Canadian horses have crossed from Windsor, opposite Detroit, for the United States service.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* gives a remarkable instance of the culpable carelessness of the War Department. While many officers are unable to obtain their pay three months after they are mustered out of service, it appears an adroit swindler can obtain pay as a dozen different persons: "Soon after the arrest of Steele he made a full confession of his guilt, in which he says that he personated Lieut. M. J. De Forest, Lieut. Col. William C. Raulston, Major White, Capt. A. D. R. Tyler and Lieut. Isaac S. Massey. He says that he had been in the service, and understood military matters. His first attempt at fraud was when he was looking at the Continental. At the time he was looking at the Continental, he sent a servant to Major Taggart's office for blank pay rolls, which he got. He then went to Surgeon Smith's office and got a certificate of disability. The pay account was then made out, and the money, between \$500 and \$700, obtained. To Harrisburg he next went and got two months' pay as Major White, of the 81st regiment N. Y. V., about \$300. In a couple of weeks a second visit was paid to Harrisburg, and \$300 more obtained. After this Baltimore was visited, and from \$500 to \$600 obtained from Major Price. There he personated Major White, of the 81st N. Y. V., and Aid to Gen. Rosecrans. From Baltimore he returned to Philadelphia, and soon went to Washington, to try his fortune. There he obtained \$400, as Lieut. De Forest, Acting Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Steele. New York was next visited, and about \$900 obtained from Major Lee, as Lieut. De Forest, Capt. Tyler and Lieut. Massey; and from Paymaster Pratt, \$223.20. Through Major Lee he was then arrested, being found at Taylor's saloon, on Broadway."

Naval.—A recent letter from an officer of the blooding squadron off Wilmington, N. C., states that two or three steamers had run into Wilmington each day for five days previous. One large steamer ran in at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 17th ult. A few mornings since a steamer of 1,500 tons ran in. She was pierced for six guns, in addition to two pivot guns, and probably would receive an armament and be ready to proceed to sea within a week. She is larger than the Alabama or Florida, and appeared to be very fast. The writer thinks she may be the steamer known as the Southern. The Nippon and the Minnesota were the only efficient vessels off the port, the Iroquois having left a week previous in chase of a blockade runner.

It would seem as if there was to be no end to the depredations committed by the pirates Alabama and Florida. The ship F. B. Cutting arrived at New York, from Liverpool, having been captured during her passage by the pirate Florida, and bonded for \$40,000. Immediately upon allowing the Cutting to proceed, she gave chase to another large ship. Can it be possible that a vessel like the Florida or Alabama will be permitted to cruise on this track long? One of the fine mail steamers which so often pass to and fro would be a treasure indeed.

The gunboat Itasca has arrived at Philadelphia for repairs, after two years' active service in the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi river.

The gunboat Satellite and the tugboat Reliance, Capt. Dungen, with the crews of both vessels, were captured by the rebels near the mouth of the Rappahannock river. The captain of the Satellite was reported killed, and the captain of the Reliance wounded.

The Navy Department has received a communication from Commander Trenchard, of the steamer Rhode Island, reporting the capture of the English screw steamer Cronstadt, for violation of the blockade of Wilmington, N. C. Her cargo consists of cotton, tar, and tobacco. She has been sent to Boston for adjudication.

Rear-Admiral Porter forwards the report of Lieut. Baché relative to the late river expedition. He first stopped at Des Arc, on the White river, and burned Confederate stores, destroyed the telegraph wires, etc., and then proceeded to Augusta, 30 miles further. There he obtained valuable information of

the enemy—that the Grand Southern army was concentrating at Brownsville, to make their line of defence on the Bayou Mico. Gen. Price was there, and Kirby Smith at Little Rock. Gen. Mansfield had crossed the river a few days before, and was then crossing Little Red river.

Personal.—Hon. John Bell's wife is on a visit in Cincinnati. Report gives her the credit of keeping her husband a rebel.

Baron Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, has been very ill, in consequence of bathing to excess during the recent tour of the diplomatists.

Mr. Secretary Seward, with a party of diplomats, consisting of Lord Lyons, the British Minister; Baron Gerolt, the Minister of Prussia; Mr. Molina, the Minister of Nicaragua; Mr. Tassara, the Minister of Spain; Baron Stoeckl, the Russian Minister; Mr. Mercier, the French Minister; M. Schleiter, the Hanseatic Minister; M. Bernatti, the Italian Minister; Count Ripier, the Swedish Minister; and M. Astaburger, the Chilean Minister, went to Hamilton, Canada, last week, from Niagara Falls.

Dr. Banzoni, of New Orleans, who is said to have the name of being a philanthropist, and who has also taught his slaves to read and write, with his several barred, is now in Washington, and has had several interviews with Secretary Chase concerning the confiscation of rebel estates. From his statement it would appear that the policy of employing free laborers by the rice and cotton planters is a most judicious one. Larger crops are raised at less expense to the grower with free labor than with slave labor.

The English papers say that the peculiar state of the Princess of Wales's health does not allow her to dance—which is a great deprivation, as she is passionately fond of exercise on the light fantastic toe.

The London *Times* is throwing an anchor to windward, in the shape of sending another correspondent on this hemisphere. His name is Marotti; he is a very able man, and is known to us by his numerous books and pamphlets upon scientific and other subjects. He was formerly a Red Republican, and was the one chosen by Mazzini to assassinate Carlo Alberto; but his heart failed him, and he warned the King of the plot. His views as published in the London *Times* are very different to those of Dr. Mackay.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, who came home in the Asia, is now in Boston visiting her friends. She returns to fulfil an engagement in Paris, in November.

It is said that Gen. Butler will be sent as Military Governor of South Carolina, when Charleston is in our possession.

Obituary.—A. P. Halsey, President of the Bank of New York, died in Orange, N. J., of bleeding of the lungs, on the 26th Aug., aged 60. His death was very sudden, his final illness not lasting more than half an hour.

Major Robert Morris, of the 6th Pennsylvania cavalry, died very suddenly at the Libby Prison, Aug. 13th. He was grandson of Robert Morris of Revolutionary memory, and 26 years of age. His remains were interred in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond, and attended to the grave by several captive officers of the Union army.

Dr. Bartlett, well known for 22 years as proprietor of the New York *Albion*, and subsequently of the *Anglo-Saxon*, has just departed this life. He was at one time President of the St. George's Society, and for 35 years a member of the same. He was a gentleman of talent and dignity, and conducted his journal so that it pleased the most fastidious Englishman without offending the American taste. His daughter married Col. Eugene Legal, of the Guard Lafayette.

The widow of the late gallant Admiral Foote died on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 26, in her 47th year, at her father's house, New Haven, Conn. She was the daughter of Augustus Strat, a resident of that city. Only two sons now remain of the Admiral's family.

It is reported by the rebels that Gen. Pemberton, late commander of the rebel forces at Vicksburg, died at Selma, Ala., a few days since. He was born in Pennsylvania, 1818; graduated at West Point, 1838; and after receiving appointments of 2d and 1st Lieutenant, served as A.D.C. to Gen. Worth in the Mexican war. At the breaking out of the present rebellion he was at Fort Leavenworth with Gen. Hunter, the Major, as his commanding officer. He deserted to the enemy, and by ingratiating himself with Davis received rapid promotion. His last command was at Vicksburg, which, after a desperate defence, he surrendered to Grant, 4th July. The manner of his death is uncertain—some say he was shot by a soldier who had formerly served under him.

Col. J. Knox Walker, a nephew of Ex-President Polk, and his private Secretary during that gentleman's Administration, died at Memphis on the evening of the 21st ult. Early in the war Col. Walker espoused the rebel cause, and was active in raising a regiment, which he commanded for some time. Of late years he has been given to excessive dissipation, which so unstrung his system that before his death he was left almost a wreck. At the time of his decease he was about 50 years old.

Accidents and Offences.—The Coroner's investigation into the circumstances attending the shooting of Joseph T. Donnelly, on the 20th instant, by Major Bassford, was concluded on the 27th. The jury failed to agree upon a verdict, whereupon Coroner Ranney decided to hold Major Bassford in \$2,000, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Coroner Ranney held an inquest on the 27th of August, at 326 Cherry street, upon the body of John Larkin, a child about six years old, who died from the effects of injuries received at the hands of a young man named William Cameron, on the 10th inst. Deceased, it appears, was beaten and kicked in the most cruel manner. His eye was gouged out, and his body was caught between a stable door and the jam, injuring him so severely that he died in consequence. The jury brought in a verdict against the accused, who was thereupon committed to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury. It is seldom that we read of a more genuine monster. It is in such cases that Lynch law would come in with telling effect, for, if Cameron has a vote, he will doubtless escape.

An ante-mortem examination was held on the 27th by Coroner Ranney in the case of a man named Thomas Cunningham, residing at 226 Mulberry street, who was stabbed in the side with a pair of tailor's shears in the hands of James Meehan. The parties had a quarrel some hours previous to the stabbing, and Meehan, watching his opportunity, when he found his antagonist asleep, plunged a pair of shears into his body, inflicting a severe if not fatal wound. The assailant was committed to the Tombs, to await the result of the wounded man's injuries.

A most remarkable case has occurred in New Orleans. Dr. Meyers, of Clouet street, was struck by lightning during a recent storm, and was pronounced dead. A coroner's verdict gave "killed by lightning." He was confined, and was about being buried, when, as his weeping relations went to take a last look at him, he opened his eyes, moved, and when the coffin was unsewered, sat up looking around with the most puzzled expression of face in the world. The lightning had suspended all appearance of animal life for nearly thirty hours.

A bold robbery was perpetrated in St. Louis on Sunday last, at the expense of the United States Express Company. Their office was broken open and robbed of about \$60,000. To get at it the robbers had to administer chloroform to the clerk, who slept in the office, and then to break open the safe.

A daring attempt at burglary was made on the 24th of August in Forty-sixth street. Four burglars got access to the house at nine in the morning, under pretence of examining the metre. They administered chloroform to the only female in it, and then began to pack up their plunder. Being alarmed by somebody ringing at the bell, they decamped, leaving their plunder all ready packed.

Belle Boyd, whose numerous exploits we have before chronicled, has resumed her old prison quarters in Washington. It will be remembered that when she was sent South, it was on the understanding that she was not to return. In defiance of that arrangement she went to Philadelphia, where she lived in one of those free-love, Fourierite establishments called houses of ill-fame; here she sported male attire. Wishing to communicate some information to her rebel friends, she went to Martinsburg, where she was captured. It is said that Belle has several official lovers in Washington.

Foreign.—Mr. Seddon, the owner of the *Phryné*, has given a challenge to race any yacht in the world, from 45 to 75 tons, on the 15th May next, for any sum from £1,000 to £20,000, the course to be three or five times round the Isle of Wight. It is not unlikely that the owner of our American yacht *Gipsy*, now on her voyage from New York to England, may accept the challenge.

Rev. Dr. Perkins, of the American Board, writes from Oromiah that the Shah of Persia, probably instigated by French influence, has issued a firman, which threatens the total suppression of missionary labor among the Nestorians, and that all hope of relief is cut off.

La France, of Paris, says that M. Forey will administer the Government of Mexico for a year, when it is expected to be ready for the Emperor Maximilian.

On the 1st July the slaves of Surinam, a Dutch colony in South America, were emancipated. In accordance with a law adopted by the Legislature of Holland on the 8th of August, 1862, with the cordial sanction of the Dutch Government. The slaves of the colony form an overwhelming majority of the total population, numbering about 46,000 persons, in an aggregate population of 61,000. More than one-half of the negroes belong to the Moravian Church, the missionaries of which publish in the papers of their denomination some interesting information on this important event, and especially on the spirit in which the slaves received the news of their approaching liberty.

Private letters from London and Paris state that the insurgent Government of Poland will not listen to the English six points, as it insists upon the reconstruction of Poland as it was before the partition. This England declares to be inadmissible, being contrary to the treaty of Vienna.

There is every reason to hope that there will be no war between the Western Powers and Japan, since the Tycoon has agreed to pay the full indemnity in money claimed by England, and asked for time to consider about giving up the murderers. If England can get a foothold without a fight, she will of course prefer it. Another account says that the indemnity has not been paid, and that hostilities are probable.

The agents of the Confederate loan had announced in London and Paris that the interest of the loan would be promptly paid when it became due, in September.

The German Princes are in Congress at Frankfurt, Emperor of Austria presiding.

Art, Literature and Science.—Major J. T. Sprague, now Assist. Adj. Gen. to New York, has published the very interesting paper read by him, June 25, 1861, before the New York Historical Society, in which he narrates the treacherous surprise and capture of the U. S. troops then in Texas, under the command of Col. Waite. As a portion of our national history, it cannot fail to be read with great attention.

Peter Ten Broeck, an old resident of Cattaraugus county, New York, has recently deceased, leaving the sum of \$50,000 for the endowment of an institution of learning, to be located at Franklin, his birthplace.

Miss Evans, the brilliant authoress of *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, and other favorite works, and who writes under the nom de plume of George Eliot, is the mistress of Geo. H. Lewes, the well-known editor of *Goethe's Life and Correspondence*, as well as author of numerous other volumes. He married some 20 years ago Agnes Jervis, daughter of Swynford Jervis, a distinguished lawyer and member of Parliament. Some years ago he exchanged wives with Thornton Hunt, the eldest son of Leigh Hunt. When the fair Agnes eloped to Paris with a Polish count, German baron or Irish baronet (we forget which), the genuine Mrs. Hunt deserted Lewes and returned to her disconsolate husband, leaving G. H. L. solitary and alone; he was therefore consoled by Miss Evans. Robert Browning has lost caste in London society in consequence of visiting Lewes and his lady.

Chit-Chat.—The Empress Eugenie has again appeared with a long walking-stick, and now the fashion is fixed. Every lady at a watering-place must "wear a cane;" and the shop windows of Paris are beginning to display them with "prices to suit customers." Some are very cheap and homely; others elegant and costly. The length of the stick depends on the height of the lady, as they are recommended to come about up to the lady's shoulder. They are carried for support, for protection and for distinction; that is, the ladies like to have "something in their hands to play with," and especially at the seaside, where they are always breaking the points of their parasols by poking at pebbles and things. And then, why should not a woman carry a cane as well as a man? Is she not the weaker vessel? And how convenient to cane the idol of your heart into popple; the question!

A lady writes to the *Rural New Yorker*, saying that the annoyance of mosquitoes may be effectually prevented by a very simple process: Close the room, and burn a spoonful of brown sugar on some live coals, or even shavings, and the insects become paralyzed at once.

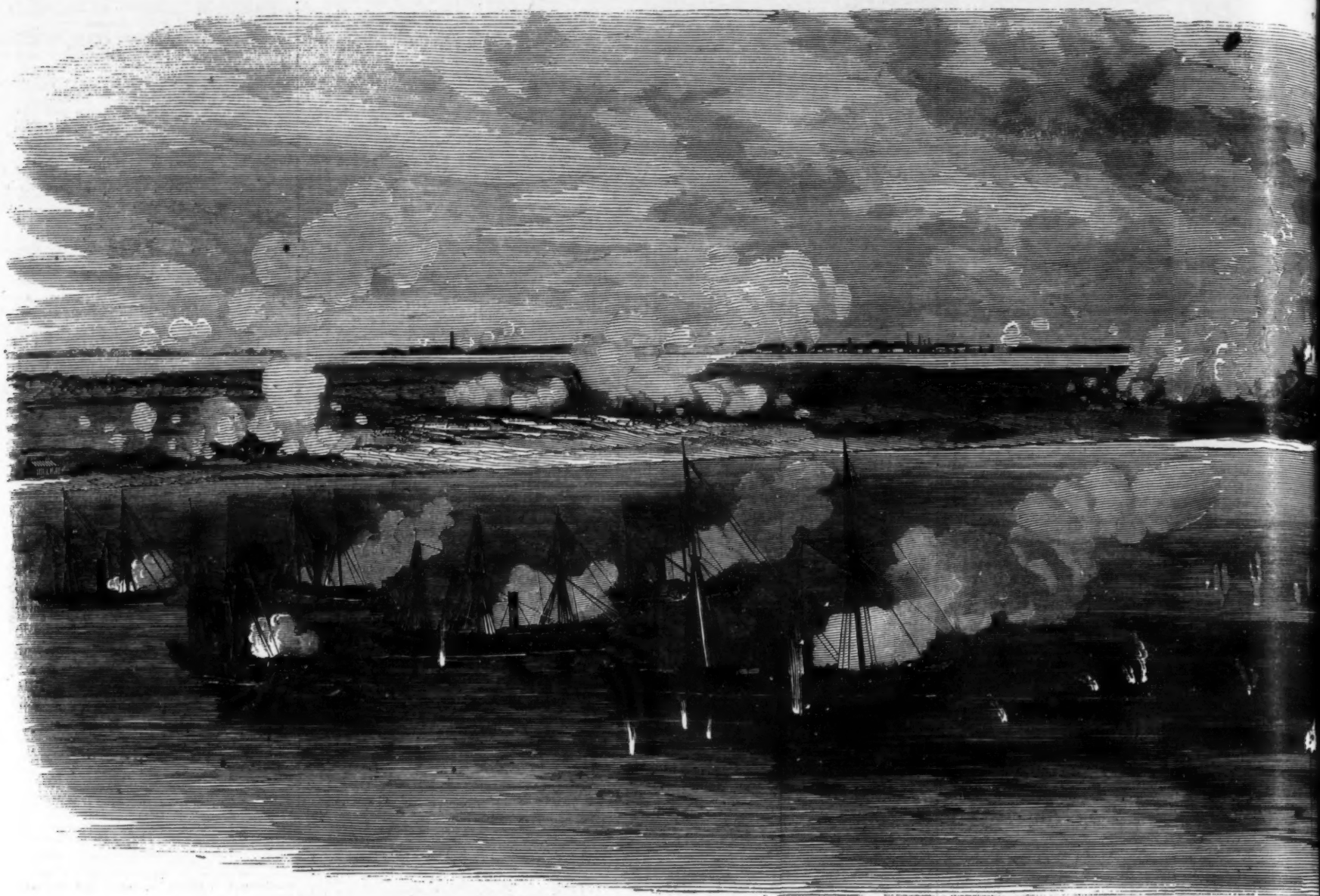
The New York *Express* says: "We see it stated in the *Home Journal* that Mr. Collector Barney has shown excellent taste in appointing to and retaining in office several gentlemen well known in the literary and art world. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has long held a post in the Debenture Room. R. B. Coffin (better known as 'Barry Gray') is in the Auditor's Department. Louis Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Richard Grant White, the Shakespearean scholar, John Savage, the poet and dramatist, and Charles F. Briggs, of the *Sunday Courier*, have each come in for a share of the 'spoils of office.' J. C. Derby, long at the head of a publishing-house in this city, wends his way to the granite building every morning. C. G. Thompson represents the artists in the service of Uncle Sam." If they are a specimen of Barney's gradus ad Parnassum, Barney had better leave the birds alone, as well as the girls.

Daniel S. Dickinson, in his recent speech to the Binghamton people, laughed at Gov. Seymour's remark that the Irish girls meant to burn their masters' houses; adding the advice of St. Paul, "they had better marry than burn."

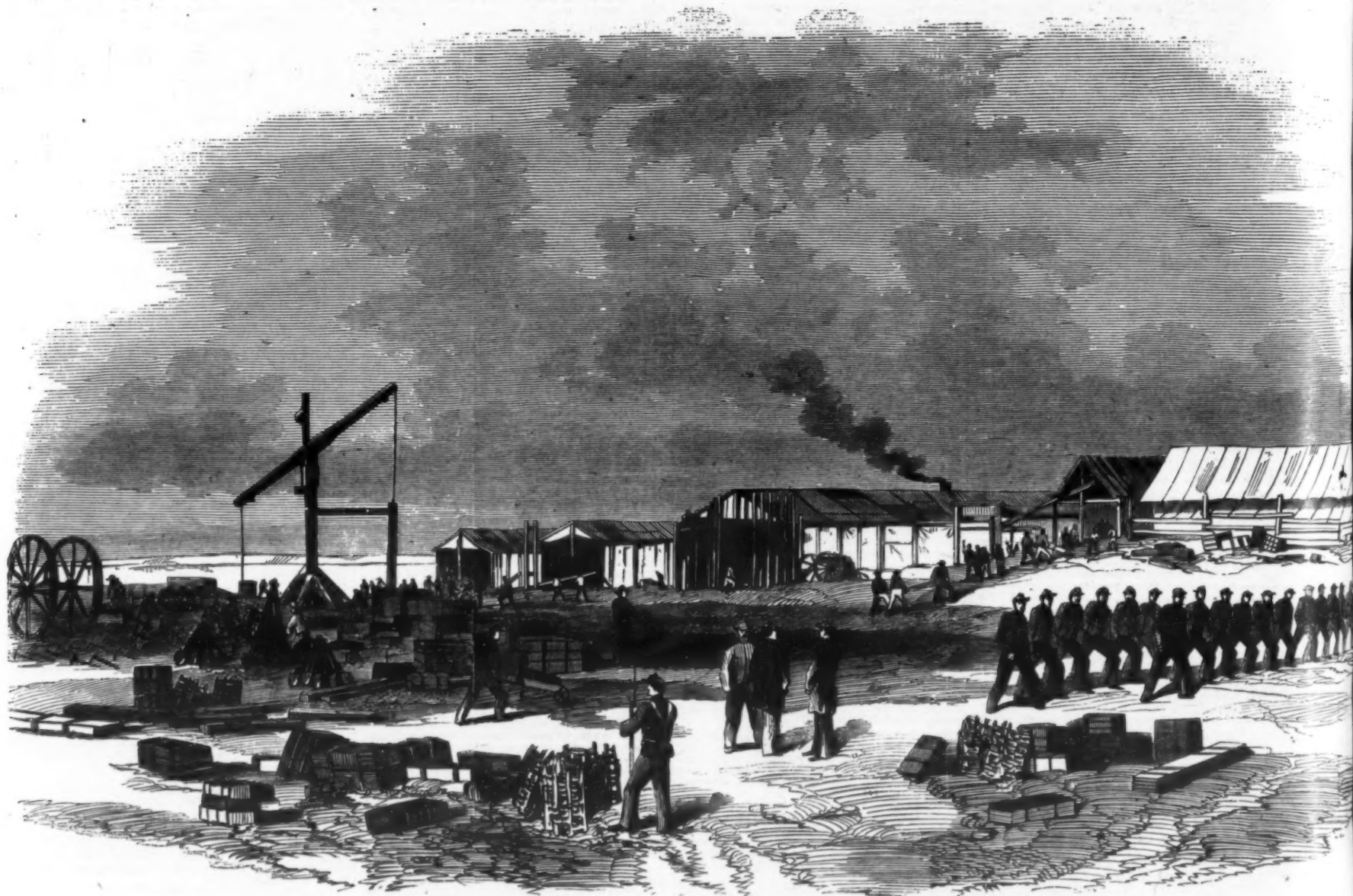
FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE. September, 1863. Frank Leslie, New York.

The September number of this popular Magazine is in no way inferior to its predecessors, but shows all the energy and determination to please which characterizes all Mr. Leslie's publications; while it promises so much for October that ladies old and young will be on the *qui vive* for the appearance of the next number after the appetite for novelty has been whetted by this. In the *Gazette of Fashion* is a double page steel plate of the latest fashions, with a full page on wood, and 18 or 19 other pages of patterns of mantillas, dresses, sleeves, embroidery, braiding, dresses for children, a variety so great that all must find much that they need.

The literary department begins with a fine story, "A Dream of Love," continues "John Marchmont's Legacy," by Miss Braddon, and gives "The Duet," a capital story, a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and interesting matter, pictorial and literary, enough to fill a good duodecimo.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE REBEL PORTS WAGNER, SUMTER, MOULTREE, GREGG, &c., AND THE



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ENGINEERS' DEPOT, MORRIS ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



MARC ANTONY.

BY ADAM CAYERSWALL.

Lo, we are side by side!—One dark arm
Around me like a serpent warm and bare;
The other, lifted mid a gleam of pearls,
Holds a full golden goblet high in air;
Her face is shining thro' her cloudy curls,
With light that makes me drunken unaware,
And with my chin upon my breast, I smile
Upon her, darkening inward all the while.

And thro' the chamber curtains, backward
rolled

By spicy winds that fan my fever'd head,
I see a sandy flat slope yellow as gold
To the brown banks of Nilus, wrinkling red
In the slow sunset; and mine eyes behold
The west, low down beyond the river's bed,
Grow sullen, ribb'd with many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cyprian star.

A bitter Roman vision floated black
Before me, in my dizzy soul's despite;
The Roman armor bristles on my back,
My swelling nostrils drink the fumes of
fight;
But then—she smiles upon me, and I lack
The warrior will that frowns on lewd de-
light,
And, passionately proud and desolate,
I smile an answer to the joy I hate.

Joy coming uninvoked, asleep, awake,
Makes sunshine on the grave of buried
powers—
Oft-times I wholly loathe her for the sake
Of manhood slipt away in easeful hours;
But from her lips mild words and kisses
break,
Till I am like a ruin mock'd with flowers;
I think of Honor's face, then turn to hers—
Dark, like the splendid shame that she con-
fers!

Lo, how her dark arm holds me—I am bound
By the soft touch of fingers light as leaves;
I drag my face aside, but at the sound
Of her low voice I turn, and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my face, and round
My neck she twines her odorous arms and
grieves,
Shedding upon a heart as soft as they
Tears 'tis a hero's task to kiss away.

And then she loosens from me, trembling still,
Like a bright throbbing robe, and bids me
"Go!"

When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
And her swart beauty whitens into snow;
And, lost to use of life and hope and will,
I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong in annoy,
Then snatch her to me, flushed with shame
and joy.

Once more, O Rome, I would be son of thine!
This constant prayer my chain'd soul ever
saith.

I thirst for honorable end—I pine
Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath;
But comfort poor as this may not be mine,
I cannot even die a Roman death;
I seek a Roman's grave, a Roman's rest;
But, dying, I would die upon her breast.

PRIZE STORY No. 27.

A SECRET.

By Geo. W. Henry, Jun.

CHAPTER VI.—IN WHICH MRS. DOBSON CONCLUDES THAT THERE IS SOMETHING GOING WRONG IN THE HOUSE.

MYRTLE GROVE was the name given to her new home by Miss Mary Winchester.

About three weeks there passed pleasantly since the new firm had left for the eastward, and nearly every day the postman brought a letter from Mr. Flint to Mrs. Winchester or from Mr. Harrington to Mary. These letters caused quite a number of

conversations alone between mother and daughter. Their contents they did not wish known in the household; therefore, if any one came into the room while they talked of these things, the speaker would suddenly cease or her voice would subside into a whisper, or they perhaps would change the subject of conversation.

Mrs. Dobson, the housekeeper, had always known what was going on, and the reason why of most of the Winchesters' doings. And if anything like a secret was about she had a share in it, and was expected to keep it securely. But these days there had been interviews and talks, letters coming and going, and not a word of reference to the matter had been confided to Mrs. Dobson. So at Myrtle Grove she remained in blissful ignorance.

Now Mrs. Dobson was a worthy woman—a woman in a thousand—an excellent housekeeper, and perfectly reliable. She was of an inquiring mind, and this state of things was extremely irritating to her. She thought she should know about these things—of course she should—and therefore to her brother Benjamin, the gardener at the Grove, she remarked one day:

"This secrecy on their parts is aggravating, so it is, Ben!"

"Never mind, Alice, keep dark—keep cool. Nothing like being cool; take life easy. It's the best way, my dear."

"Oh, yes, of course! That's your song always. What's to warm you, I wonder? Tending flowers, cutting grass, planting seed, trimming and smelling the beautiful flowers, you can keep cool. You've no curiosity neither. Pahaw!"

"Well, Alice, what's wrong? What makes you think there is anything amiss?"

"I don't know. I can't see the good of all the goings on, I'm sure. There's Miss Mary taken up that little brat that's been wandering all over the land, Wild Bessie, wild enough, too."

"That's benevolence, Alice."

"Yes; they fancy she looks like Ella Winchester would do if she was alive. Poor child! I guess she's been dead enough long ago. Then Miss Mary pets, and teaches, and dresses this Bessie, and is as loving as can be with her—but I'm not consulted."

"Ah! Are you mistress, Alice?"

"No, I'm not, impudence; but—"

"Well, then, what's it your business, I wonder?"

"No, it isn't. But I see some likeness, too, and I like the child, too, for she is pretty and will be good, too, under Miss Mary's hands. And I want to be consulted like I used to be. Mrs. Winchester formerly asked me for my opinion; but—oh, dear!—those days are gone by, I suppose. And it's strange goings on all the time. I'm sure there's something going wrong in the house. And I not consulted—I not to know it beforehand! I, who have been her housekeeper all these years, ever since she married that handsome, good, sensible man, Mr. Winchester. I not to know! It's too bad—it's aggravating—it's making me nervous. Not consult me, indeed!"

Here Mrs. Dobson stamped her right foot with considerable energy, her eyes flashing fire, so to say, and then melting into tears, the latter coming opportunely to put the other out.

"Oh, never you mind, Alice; why fret about anything. Keep cool and comfortable. There, don't cry; take it easy. I do, you know."

"Yes, you are too cool, Ben—too easy by half. Yours is good advice, very likely; but I can't be cool—can't be easy. There, I will know!"

Another stamp or two, her arms folded, her lips close.

"Well, sis, I advise you to be careful. Too much learning, you know—"

Before he could finish the sentence Mrs. Alice Dobson placed her broad, red, smooth hand over his mouth, and stage-whispered:

"Hush!"

They were in the garden, and she seeing the ladies approaching within hearing distance, Mrs. Dobson thus terminated the dialogue, only adding, also, in a whisper:

"Hush, Ben; there's something going wrong, I know."

Mary Winchester came along with Wild Bessie beside her, the latter not so wild, not so untidy as she was less than three weeks before. Mary had found her in the woods, spoken kindly to her, and had had her interest awakened in her by her loneliness and the real or fancied likeness between her and her little sister, long lost. Therefore she had Bessie come to Myrtle Grove part of every day, to be attended to kindly and instructed; and even in these three weeks Bessie had perceptibly improved. She watched herself to keep person and dress neat and clean, whole and tidy, because, as she said, "Dear Mary wished her to do so." Mary imagined that Bessie would prove apt and quick at learning, so she had arranged to prepare Bessie for entering the Buzzardville Academy for Girls and Boys, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Slasher.

That day above mentioned, as they came through the garden, Mary and Bessie gathered flowers and talked cheerily, while Mrs. Winchester entered the house. Mrs. Dobson had withdrawn to her sphere of usefulness indoors, and her brother Ben to his out of doors.

Mrs. Dobson and Sophie, the housemaid, met on the second landing of the stairs.

"Hard at it, Sophie; always busy, you are."

"Yes, ma'am, I try to be; I hopes I does my duty. But as Mrs. Planck says, people don't always get credit for doing their duty, says she. But, Mrs. Dobson, what's up now?"

"How up? What do you mean?"

And as spoke Mrs. Dobson fixed her gaze on Sophie with those brilliant black eyes, and crossing her very white and really pretty-shaped arms on the bannister, she leaned there and awaited Sophie's reply.

"Why, just this, ma'am. Cook and I are bothered about what mistress can mean. Cook says Mrs. Winchester says, 'Cook, so and so for dinner,' says she; then before that can be done orders comes for something else. So with my work; orders come for me to do this and then to don't; and it's now so and so, and then it's orders for other so and so, and after all, we have or do some other so and so quite different. So, as I says to cook, says I, 'What's up?' and cook says to me, says she, 'Sophie, what's up?' Just what I ask you, ma'am—what's up?"

Sophie was a hearty, fresh, rosy, fair, good-looking girl, and excellent worker, aged about twenty, and as she spoke, rolling the dustrag around her hands and arms, and looking really very anxious, Mrs. Dobson whispered, "Come closer, Sophie." Then that lady, placing her forefinger on her lips, knowingly, in a deep whisper said:

"Sophie, my dear, I suspicion there is something going wrong in the house."

"Indeed, ma'am—just so, I think; and I do—"

But at this point the conversation was interrupted by their hearing the voice of Mrs. Winchester calling, from the parlor door:

"Sophie, please come here a moment."

That young woman obeyed the summons, and Mrs. Dobson, passing to her chamber, entered, closed the door, and disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH IT IS REPORTED THAT ONE OF OUR CHARACTERS HAS "SAILED AWAY," ALSO IN WHICH THE REV. SIMON SIMONS IS REQUESTED TO PERFORM A CEREMONY.

MR. SAMUEL OGLE and his stage arrived every other day at the door of the White Swan Hotel.

The hours of his arrival, as Mrs. Partington would remark, "were very various," they being

regulated by the comings and goings of the railroad trains and by other circumstances.

On the fifth day after the exit of Abijah Crane from the hotel, Mr. Ogle drove his four handsome bays, with the coach rattling behind them, about the hour of six P.M., up before that house of good cheer.

"Here we are! Hello, Mr. Trotter!"

Mine host appeared in the doorway with his clean white apron on, his face clean shaved, and beaming with happiness and hearty welcome to the four guests Mr. Ogle had brought to him.

"Ear—ly—to-day—Sam—u—el! Ver—y—ear—ly!"

"Well, yes, sir, rather so. You see the train came along quicker'n usual; it had somebody of great importance and authority in the land, I don't know who, and was taking him quick to somewhere, I don't know where, and left him on the road to take somebody's stage to go to some other place, I don't know who's. I don't care; so don't ask me, that's all."

"They—couldn't—have—stopped—long—at—a time—at the—stations—Sam—u—el—could—they?"



The deserted Hut in the Wood.

"No, sir, they didn't stop at all. Great man aboard—great sensation—great hurry. But, come, Mike, my good fellow, let's have a good, strong, wholesome drink—a stiffener—that will warm all the way down."

"That—you—shall have—right quickly—right quickly—Sam—u—el—some—of—my—very—best."

"Well, what news have you, Mike?"

"Noth—ing—to speak of—noth—ing—at all—in fact. We are ab—out—the same to-day—as—yes—ter—day—and then—as—the day—be—fore. Ab—out—the same."

"I bought a New York paper, Mike, so I guess I've some news."

"And—Sam—u—el—who should—have news—but you? You—the—greatest—sta—ger—in the—land!"

Mr. Mike Trotter was fond of flattering his friends, and was always polite and genial, perhaps to gain patronage thereby. He took a cheerful view of all earthly and temporal matters. Hale and hearty, why should he worry or care? A merry bachelor was mine host, and immensely popular among the citizens of and visitors to Buzzardville.

After supper Mr. Ogle returned to the little room adjoining the bar, received a fresh instalment drink, and sitting in an easy chair, he tilted it back against the wall, and stretching his limbs—"walkers," not arms—outward before him, rested his heels on the edge of the table, and in this very elegant and gentlemanly posture he produced his paper, and spellingly read, letter by letter, to the great edification of his sole auditor, mine host. After thus getting over some local news of the city of Gotham, a murder or so, a theft or two, one to several fires, the stock column, and the lists of wants, some political and otherwise editorials, he, turning to another part of the paper, found the list of passengers sailing that day per steamer for Europe, and among the names spelled out:

"A b—Ab—i jah—Abijah Flint."

"Why—that's—that—queer—cue—to—mer—of mine again. Won—der—why—he—be—going—to—that—country—for," said Mr. Trotter.

"Well, I reckon, Mike, he's business there. Maybe he's getting worse in his mind; want's to get another secret, maybe; wants a change anyhow. By-the-bye, did you find out that secret of his?"

"No, Sam—u—el. No! It's—hid'n—in—his—own—bosom—still. It—must—worry—him awful—Sam—u—el."

"Yes, I s'pose so it does. But why on earth don't he tell it to folks, and so get rid of his worry? He could have told us; we wouldn't repeat it, you know, would we? Of course not. If I had a secret—which I haven't, nor never had; nobody would trust me with one—but if I had one, and it plagued my life, I'd tell it—I would. I'd like to know that funny chap's, though!"

"So—sho—ld—I—Sam—u—el—so—should—I; but—it—ish't—to—be; and what—ish't—to—be—won't—be—so—there. Then—what's—the—use—Sam—u—el—of us mind—ing—any—thing—ab—out it—eh? Never—mix—up—into—other—folks'—troubles. It's—only—get—ting—your—self—into—the—fire—my—boy."

"And get one's fingers burnt at least, Mike—get singed, anyways. Still, I'd like to fathom you chap's mystery."

"Yes, just—so—but—nev—er—mind—him—nev—er—mind. Let—em—alone—for them—as—"



The Stage-driver and mine Host of the White Swan.

has—deep—se—crets—is no good. No—good—you may—de—pend—on't.

"Why, Mike, it isn't wrong to have a secret?"

"Well—se—not—always. Now—there—are—some—cases—some—cases—mind—where—a—con—fidence—may—be—made. Wherein—and—where—by—it—would—be—wrong—or—do—some—body—a—wrong—to—re—veal."

"I suppose you refer to them as lovers and married people have between 'em. They have secrets—deep as the sea, too—sometimes. Don't they?"

"It—is—quite—likely—that—that's—so—such—may—have—per—haps—they—do. Per—haps—them's—the—ones—I—allude—to—as—can—have—and—best—keep—them—con—fi—dences—and—se—crets—se—cret—Sam—u—el."

"Old bachelors like you, Mike, and I, should not have any secrets, eh?"

"No, sir! Single—folks—be—they—bachelors—or—maid—ens—have—nothing—should—have—nothing—to—do—with—secrets. Nev—er—Sam—u—el. Any—more—news—there?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ogle, referring to the paper, and in his style of reading. "Here's another item, headed capital A capital W—little i n d—A Wind—f—a—double l—fall—A Windfall."

"Ah, Sam—u—el—that's—good—let's—hear—who—got—it."

Reading further, spellingly, from first to last, Mr. Ogle announced this item:

"It gives us great pleasure to record the good fortune which may from time to time come upon any of our fellow-citizens. The last case of this kind is that of a large estate in the East Indies of great value, to which our much esteemed and influential fellow-citizen, Abijah Crane, Esq., has lately fallen heir. His mother inherited the property from her uncle, the late Barton Brown, Esq., and was just entered upon its enjoyment when she died. Some months we believe have elapsed since her decease, and but recently her will has been found, proved, and so forth; and A. Crane, Esq., is now the happy possessor thereof. We congratulate him on the occasion. We wish him a pleasant voyage across the ocean, and a long life to enjoy his good fortune. He leaves us this morning in the steamer outward bound."

"Here, Mike, that takes my breath away; replenish the pewter, do."

Which being replenished accordingly, Mr. Ogle said further:

"There! I'll bet something handsome that that fortune was his secret; and for fear he wouldn't get it, he worried himself almost sick."

"I—don't—know—I'm—not—so—sure—of—that—I—rather—in—cline—Sam—u—el—to—think—he'd—done—some—wrong—sometimes—he's—sorry—for—do—ing—and—that's—what—plagued—him—so—much—and—more—n—half—crazed—him. A queer cus—tomer—he—was—a—ver—y—queer—custom—er."

"Yes, so he was; and that may be so, as you say, yet I'll bet I'm near right. Guess he wants to keep the whole of the fortune. How to do it would worry anybody."

A call "for drinks all around," coming from the bar, Mr. Trotter left to prepare them, and wait upon and talk with half-a-dozen rough-and-ready customers.

Mr. Ogle—for sometime being left alone—quietly dropped his newspaper, closed one eye, then the other; was a little uneasy while; breathed heavily; lapsed into a dreamy state; snored; and as Mr. Micawber would say, "In short, was asleep." Sleeping—and sleeping, dreaming; dreaming of secrets dark and dire. Secrets, gay and happy; and of up hill and down dale on his coach, and of silver and gold so bright.

Clement Flint, Esq., duly returned to the village of Buzzardville, and reported to Miss Winchester the results of the investigations by the firm of Flint & Harrington.

He imparted to her the news about Mr. Crane, his fortune and departure; also, further, that Mrs. Crane had died in Italy—her executors were there, at Rome, he thought, waiting for the coming of Abijah. No will, nor trace of any, of the late Mr. Winchester could be found, nor any clue to other things he and Arthur had been in search of. This was what they had anticipated. A disappointment, certainly; yet time tempers sorrow, and it seemed long since those dark days to Mrs. Winchester and Mary, that they did not feel it so much, and had, in a measure, given up their expectations of a fortune, as a thing not attainable. So they were pretty well resigned to this last disappointment.

Arthur Harrington remained at New York for some days longer, on his own business.

Clement Flint, Esq., after duly consulting a person deeply interested in the matter, one day called upon the Rev. Simeon Simons, the New School Presbyterian minister of Buzzardville. In the course of a very pleasant and satisfactory interview, he requested that gentleman to—in a line—unite Miss Cynthia Smith and himself, C. Flint, Esq., matrimonially, on the morning of that day fortnight. Which request being unanimously agreed upon, Clement Flint, Esq., thanked the pastor, shook hands, and bade him good-day. Then that happy "solicitor," a few moments after, sat lovingly beside his investment, on the sofa, in the parlor of Rose Bower Cottage.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN WHICH IT APPEARS "LITTLE WILD BESSIE OF THE WOOD" IS NOT SO WILD AS FORMERLY, BUT TAKES A LESSON FROM MISS MARY—HAS A TEA-PARTY, AND FINDS A NEW HOME.

Mrs. WINCHESTER and her beautiful daughter Mary, quietly, without any display, performed good work from the day they first came to Buzzardville, and onward during their residence there. Evidences of this were everywhere. The poor were better off, were happier, met these ladies with smiling faces, their hearts gladdened. The old people at the hut—grandpa and granny—received many tokens of their kindness and benevolence, and their last days were their best, through those ladies' good works in their behalf.

A great amount of good can be effected by a very small outlay of time, love, talents, money. More real benefits can be thus conferred in a quiet way than even by the spreading abroad of much wealth with great *déclat*—or by noise, bustle and display accompaniments.

Little Bessie was early a recipient of the Winchester's kindness.

One day—as had become a usual custom there—Bessie was at Myrtle Grove, in the cosy apartments of Miss Mary Winchester, seated in a low rocker chair beside her patroness and now loved friend, dear Miss Mary.

That lady had two conveniently and nicely furnished rooms. One, a boudoir, or sitting-room; the other, a chamber, or sleeping apartment; these separated by blue silk curtains and curtains of lace instead of folding doors, being Mary's taste, and she having caused the removal of the doors. The silk curtains were within the chamber; the lace fell in heavy folds within the other room.

Her blue-walled chamber, white-curtained windows and bed, and comfort-suggesting carpets, furniture and appliances, made that a very cosy, pleasant, sleep-invoking, rest-and-peace-producing apartment. Cooling, refreshing, soothing, very. Then that boudoir of Mary's was an exquisite, joyous-loving, suggestive nook, with its dark, prettily-carpeted floor; its books, paintings; the one in a handsome case and some strewn on the table, handy for reading; the others hung upon the walls for inspection. The sofa and easy chairs, ottomans. The writingdesk and workstand—each with every needful article supplied. The wirestand, in steps form, with pots of rare flowers and plants; and in the cages, by the window, the sweetly-singing canaries, formed a picture which only required the beautiful face and form of Mary Winchester, and the pretty, innocent, curly-haired, still half-wild girl, Bessie, to make irresistibly attractive.

Very few people indeed, however, had access to those pleasant rooms. Mrs. Winchester had *carte blanche* to visit both, occasionally, and now so had little Bessie. Mrs. Dobson was very seldom admitted, and only on household business. Sophie, the pretty housemaid, had her "call" to go there every morning, "to tidy, and so forth, up a bit."

The windows of both these apartments looked out upon the garden, upon the fields adjoining, and beyond upon the waters of the beautiful lake Cayuga.

Both Mrs. Winchester and Mary took great interest in the welfare and progress of little Bessie. They looked after her. Had her frequently to visit them. Presented her with needful and useful articles. They tried to polish, tame, make her better, and so being better—happier.

They saw, or thought they did, good in her—slumbering talents; seed, that if properly cared for and cultivated, would grow and produce good fruits. They hoped that in good time this now little wild maiden would become the gentle, refined, lady-like girl, and then the respected, educated and honored beautiful gentlewoman.

It was a great and good work, and mostly it devolved on Mary to polish the casket, to seek for and bring the diamond to view.

Very quietly, gently and lovingly performed; and with great success.

One morning, as mentioned, Mary and Bessie were seated side by side; the former busily sewing, the latter as busily studying a lesson in the first stage of her education.

Mrs. Winchester had gone out on a round of visits to the poor of Buzzardville, and thinking of removing Bessie's old friends from the hut to more comfortable quarters, and of doing something in the same way for the little girl.

Blessings followed her footsteps; blessing others, she was blessed.

"Miss Mary, I think I know this now" said Bessie.

"Let me hear you."

And Bessie recited her little lesson satisfactorily.

"Now, dear Bessie, one more, a short one it is, too; you try to learn it, and recite both of the lessons when I return. I have a little work to do downstairs—that's a good girl."

"Yes, I will, dear Miss Mary," and Bessie put up her pretty rosybud of a mouth for a kiss.

Then Mary left her alone for nearly an hour.

Meanwhile Bessie was diligent at her book; but pause she would, for a moment, once and a while at the pleasant thought—"How good Miss Mary is to me. Isn't she nice? I'll try to be good like her. I will please her—dear, beautiful, kind Miss Mary," and so on.

Miss Mary Winchester returned, and asked,

"How do you get on?"

"Right nicely. I'll know this soon, and say them to you."

"Recite, dear, you should say."

"Well, yes, recite both, dear Miss Mary."

"Do so, but don't hurry; it is better to study and learn all you can of a lesson, before reciting it."

"I'll try."

"And, Bessie, if you know your lesson well, as you have been so good and attentive, I'll tell you something pleasant."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll be good, dear Miss Mary, I love you so much," and the rosebuds were gathered into kissable shape for a kiss, or more, which Mary gladly gave.

Then the little head bent over the book; and the hair, now nicely combed and arranged, fell in rich, dark curls upon her shoulders—fair, clean, white shoulders now.

Pleasant thoughts Mary seemed to have, as she plied her needle and thread, and now and again looked up at Bessie; and now and then spoke to her pretty singing canary birds. A pretty picture. A happy hour.

Bessie, after awhile, was ready; recited well, and was relieved from study for the rest of the day. Mary did not task her, but made it a pleasant affair to study. She said:

"Dear Bessie, you are to remain with us all day, and to-night; and you shall have a tea-party, my love. Shall you like it?"

"Oh, yes, dear Miss Mary, how pleasant that will be," and she danced around the room, gaily; and she and the canaries vying with each other which could sing most cheerily.

In the afternoon the young company assembled in the parlor. Little Bessie was in ecstasies of delight.

In the parlor, on this unusual occasion, a table was spread, laden with all that could charm the palate or gladden the hearts of the some twenty boys and girls there, who had come to Little Bessie's tea-party.

Fair, good manners and healthful appetites they all seemed to have; and their happy, gay laughter and merry voices were pleasant to hear. At tea, and afterwards, Little Bessie was in a bewildering dream of delight.

After tea, and the table had been removed and things made tidy again, the young people played Copenhagen, pawns, blind-man's-buff, pussy wants a corner, enigmas and other games of merry childhood. Mary Winchester once and awhile played and sang for them; and they were a gay company of little folk indeed.

Shortly after nine o'clock P. M. "parents and guardians" arrived, remained awhile, then accompanied the little friends of Bessie to their homes. So they dispersed; the lights were extinguished. Bessie slept soundly beside dear Miss Mary, in the pretty bed in the blue chamber.

And little Bessie's tea-party was over.

One day, a month subsequently to this pleasant event, a sad one occurred, followed by another a week afterwards. These were first the decease and burial of grandpa of the hut, and the decease and burial of granny.

These two were not related, but starting to live in the same hut for mutual benefit, a mutual affection sprung up between them.

Poverty and sorrow had been their lot, and in old age the death summons came. One real mourner only followed them to the green graveyard, their place of rest—Little Bessie.

Bessie wept for them loving tears.

Mrs. Winchester took Bessie home with her after the second burial; and so little Bessie found a new home—a happy home at Myrtle Grove, and as the days went on she improved rapidly.

CHAPTER IX.—IN WHICH SMITH BECOMES FLINT—ALSO ARTHUR RETURNS, AND A DAY FOR A SIMILAR CEREMONY IS APPOINTED.

"It is not good for man to be alone" has been wisely said—and, of course, it is not good for woman either; and I rather think that if several single people with whom I am acquainted, and lots of others with whom I am not familiar, had, in their youthful days, at proper ages, looked about for companions—matrimonial—and not have been discouraged by one or two disappointments, like the lady or the gentleman they had set their hearts upon marrying some other, instead of them, but tried and tried again, like the song, it would have been good for them—better for them; and in their married capacity they would have been more useful, happier, than as single folks. If all courtships ending in marriage began, continued and ended happily, as about two-thirds of those entered into, contracted and consummated, are said to do, that would still be true—it is not good to be alone. So all single people of proper age had better hasten into the bonds immediately; certainly when marriages are happy—each party satisfied as much so as is possible for poor humanity to be satisfied—each loving the other truly, faithfully, it would seem much better than the solitariness, the want of love and comfort of single life. On the whole, it is better to be married than single.

It is the parties' own fault if their union is not pleasant and happy. They should mutually be well acquainted before entering into the "solemn league and covenant." They should look before they leap; tread the pathways of the garden of love lightly, gently. They should feel the golden chain, and see if it be not iron, before therewith they bind hearts or hands.

Miss Cynthia Smith, at her home, was busy here and there, back and forth, in household affairs, and thinking of her ever being married. "It's really ridiculous, at my time of life—but no, it is not good for man to be alone—now, how true that is," and some thoughts as are here before set down flitted through her mind. That same day Clement Flint's thoughts were much the same, or on the same subject, which is strange, yet a coincidence often observable in the thoughts, words, acts or feelings between lovers, wives or husbands.

He was on his way from the White Swan to Rose Bower, to see "my dear," as he contemplated the leap he was about to take from the precipice of bachelorhood into the uncertain sea of matrimony. "But I love Cynthia—she loves me," was his consoling reflection as he was admitted to the cottage, where, finding Miss Cynthia Smith was "at home" to him, he entered the parlor, sat down, and, as he usually did wherever he was, made himself at home also.

Clement Flint's business in the city being pressing, he could spare but a day or so at a time to Buzzardville. So he much desired to hasten his marriage with Miss Cynthia, take her to his home, and so not have to leave his business so frequently.

He had found spare time for several tender, pathetic and loving interviews with the lady of his heart in the garden, the bower, the pretty parlor, and at the last of these pleasant occasions he had persuaded Miss Cynthia Smith to name the day; and so the nuptials in which they two should be made one (which, by-the-by, is the only time—wedding ceremonies—when the addition of one and one can be said to make one; don't it sometimes make, as "Bones" says, ten—she one, he nought?) were to take place the next Thursday morning

(that being Tuesday), quietly, in church, by the Reverend Simeon Simons.

The two bridesmaids, two groomsmen, Mrs. Winchester and daughter, Arthur Harrington, Mr. Mike Trotter, mine host, by particular request, and some half dozen relatives and very intimate friends of Miss Cynthia, were all that were invited and that were expected to be present at the ceremony of Smith becoming Flint.

But Mr. Flint has been quietly seated all this while in the parlor. Presently a door opens, a dress rustles, and the bride that is to be next Thursday approaches—both hands outstretched, eyes beaming gladness and love, face glowing, lips wreathed in smiles, voice gentle and kindly.

"I have kept you waiting a long time, my dear Clement; pray excuse me. How are you, my dear?"

"I'm well, love; I've been thinking—waiting and thinking."

"Thinking, indeed? of what, may I ask?"

"That marriage is not a lottery."

"Ah, indeed! I think so, too; it is not."

"And Cynthia, my love, that there are more chances in one than the other sort of life."

"In which?"

"I concluded which just as you came in the parlor."

"That there were more chances, dear Clement, of happiness in married than in single life?"

"Yes, my love. Why, single-blessedness, pah! that's all humbug."

"I trust we will find it is so in our union, Clement, my own love."

"So do I hope so; sincerely I trust so."

"Everybody should get married who can; that is our creed—is it not, dear?"

"Cynthia, my love, it is."

After some more pathetic, tender, or, perhaps, I had better say loving conversation, with kisses occasionally included, they adjourned to the arbor in the garden, to discuss the more serious, drier details of arrangement for the approaching "happy day," next Thursday.

There we will leave them a while, if you please, and walk over to Myrtle Grove, and pay our friends there a visit.

Mrs. Winchester, seated on the sofa by the window, is arrayed in a closely and neatly-fitting black silk dress, a pretty lace collar around her throat, attached by a small gold ebony pin. She has been reading, and the volume rests on her lap. At a little space from her sits Mary, looking charmingly in her white dress, a white rose in her hair, a red rose and violets in her bosom, a light pink scarf thrown around her neck, and pretty finely shaped, dazlingly white shoulders. Very lovely she looked, indeed. Mary was interested in crocheting and pleasant dreams—dreaming, thinking of Arthur, of his return, of a pretty home somewhere, flowers and sunlight around it, love and joy within it. Little Bessie was there too. She was growing prettier and lovelier every day—quickly improving. That day she had been very studious; had had her run, and play, and now, weary with all, was sleeping gently—and she, too, probably dreaming of very pleasant things.

A quiet, happy home scene—is it not?

Arthur Harrington thought it was such; and no lovelier he had ever looked upon as he came in upon them an hour after his return from New York to Buzzardville.

They all arose at his entrance and received him with great gladness. Bessie awoke with a start, and with a run and jump was beside Arthur, and upon his knee so soon as he sat down, and with her arms (not soiled now) around his neck, had given and received kisses of welcome. She also learned to love Arthur Harrington. Every one almost esteemed, respected, loved him; and truly he deserved it all, if ever man did—he, a good, true noble man.

He received his invitation, by special desire of Miss Cynthia Smith, to be present at the wedding, from Mary, who had had it in charge for him since yesterday.

The Thursday came. Little Bessie accompanied Mrs. Winchester. Arthur, of course, went thither with Mary; and they all duly arrived at the church, amid the trees and the graves.

"How people may reckon without their host," as the saying is—make arrangements that so-and-so shall be so-and-so, when, as the real result, it proves to be quite a different so-and-so.

This was the case in this instance.

One happy pair, who had really anticipated seeing but about fifteen or so present—a select few—found, on the arrival of the bridal party at the church, that edifice full to overflowing. It seemed as if all Buzzardville filled the pews, galleries and aisles.

The way was cleared for them, however, and no rents occurred, we believe.

The bride in white, the groom in black, except waistcoat, which was white; the attendants, ladies, in white, plenty of flowers (natural ones); the gentlemen in black (exception, white waistcoats); all looked finely—the bride, of course, blushing, and appeared charmingly.

The ceremony was performed happily. They received the pastor's blessing. Kind friends thronged around them. Congratulations and wishes for eternities of happiness, &c., &c., followed them to the carriage, and, as they drove away towards the railway station, three hearty cheers went forth, startling the air, in their behalf. They held no reception, but went away to Clement Flint's home in Boston immediately. Duly they arrived and began what promised to be a happy, prosperous, married life. Arthur Harrington undertook the charge of Cynthia's home, furniture, &c., and their proper disposal, also of the correspondence in reference to Mrs. Winchester's affairs with C. Flint, Esq.

Whether such things as lovemaking, courtships, weddings, and the like pleasures, are similar in their effects to some fevers, diseases, and so on—that is, catching, contagious or not, I cannot posi-

tively state. However, it is certainly the fact that on their return to Myrtle Grove, and after tea that evening, Mary and Arthur being alone, they did speak of their own wedding as a possible fact, and did then and there appoint a day and hour in which they would go and do likewise. This matter being imparted gently to their mother, I may say, was approved of highly by that lady. So, if anything could have made these people happier, that naming of the day did. A very pleasant evening they passed together—mostly Mary and Arthur, you know, for, in her wisdom, mother and Bessie thought lovers had best be alone by themselves. So they two retired to bed early.

It was late, however, when Arthur retired to his. Strange, very!

CHAPTER X.—IN WHICH ONE YEAR HAVING PASSED, THE DOINGS THEREOF ARE REVIEWED.

SECONDS into minutes, these into hours, days, weeks, months blended, and one year, with its sorrows and joys, lights and shadows, death and life, glided peacefully away, so far as Buzzardville and its populace were concerned, inclusive of our friends there, in whom, I trust, you are interested.

Clement Flint, Esq., and lady spent a very joyous honeymoon. First they took a bridal trip, and thereafter returned to Boston and settled quietly and pleasantly in the new, handsomely furnished home made ready by C. Flint, Esq., for them, before their marriage.

Mr. Flint had been on business visits three times, and Mrs. Flint on social visits twice to Buzzardville.

No news all the year further from A. Crane, however, except one letter to Boston, and no clue to the Secret's solution.

These twelve months past Mary Winchester and Bessie's love for each other grew and strengthened, and little Bessie's wildness had all fled, and she, in every point of view, had greatly improved. Now she was learning quickly, and was a little beauty, a lovable and loving little girl. During the year a stranger had come to Buzzardville, and taken up his abode there. He was the Reverend Archibald Webb, aged about nineteen—quite a youthful minister, indeed, in appearance as well as in years. Handsome he was, tall and well-proportioned, owned a sweet, clear, organ-toned voice, which he could handle at his will; and over the Episcopal church, soon after he came there, he was placed as shepherd or rector, and he fulfilled the expectations of the people, and was the most acceptable and popular as he was the youngest minister they had ever had.

Meanwhile, Arthur Harrington, in the parlor and in the garden, had been a constant visitor at Myrtle Grove, and his flame of love for the beautiful lady of his heart, Mary, burned constantly and brightly. During the year, also, nothing further mysterious happening, Mrs. Dobson had come to the conclusion that it was all right, and that there was not anything going wrong in the house.

This lady had had an offer from a neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, a widower, to become his second wife's successor; but Mrs. Dobson, being well satisfied with her position and home at Myrtle Grove, graciously but firmly declined the honor.

One side of the old hut in the wood has fallen in, and in corners and chinks and every available place the rats, the spiders, the worms and birds have prepared their holes, their webs and nests; and the weeds and damp and dust and decay have seized upon the poor old hut, and its days are numbered. It is fast crumbling to ruins. And Bessie's old workbox lies away in the corner of the closet, forgotten.

Miss Mary Winchester had given Bessie a pretty, all complete workbox, and in her hasty removal from the hut a year and more ago she forgot the old one, and left it to the moths and dust. It being a dry inner closet, and the box in the driest corner of it, and the envelope inside the box, we may suppose a secret therein would come out of its hiding-place in the darkness uninjured, if any one ever should find it there.

Also during the year a letter from Abijah Crane was received by Brown, Boyd & Co., at Boston. You may remember this firm were successors of the late Reuben Winchester, and Abijah Crane had been continued with them as clerk until his good fortune befel him.

The consequence of this letter was a search in the great fireproof for an eighteen inch each way iron box, labelled "Private Papers of A. Crane." They found the box, but found no key. So a difficulty arose—how to open it. To blow it open would be apt to ruin the whole box. So B. B. & Co. resolved to write, to and hear further from Abijah Crane in regard thereto. This resolution to write to him was strengthened by the opinion of a locksmith whom they summoned, and who thought powder would blow the whole concern, that is, box and contents, up; and his picklock efforts were unsuccessful.

During this year under review, Miss Sophie, housemaid at Myrtle Grove, had been successfully courted, or wooed, by a red-faced, large-nosed, sandy-haired and whiskered, deep blue-eyed, common-sized, hard-working, true as steel, loving, kind-hearted boy, two years over age. He paid her attentive attentions devotedly eight months of the year, and one morning of the said eighth month—having won her heart and hand, and savings in the bank—Sophie blushing became Mrs. Bob White, and Kitty Trump reigned in her stead as housemaid at Myrtle Grove.

Four months, then, this pair have happily dwelt in harmony together in a small, neat cottage home—Bob White, owner.

Mrs. Winchester, Mary, Bessie, and some of the ladies of first and some of second degree in the Buzzardville circles, visit Mr. and Mrs. Bob White and make them happy, and always are welcome.

So changes have been rung on the chords of Time, and Buzzardville has had a pleasant share.

I have been told not a single death occurred there all this period we have written about. This year fled away to join the more than six thousand years gone before.

CHAPTER XI.—IN WHICH THE SECRET OF THE SECRET SEEMS LESS SECURE BY CIRCUMSTANCES TRANSPIRING.

ANOTHER month comfortably slipped past. One day Mrs. Winchester, weary with household cares, had just down to have, as she was accustomed to say, "a chat into myself all alone," when the postman came to the door, and soon after Mrs. Dobson entered with several letters. So Mrs. Winchester postponed her reverie, and began to read those of the letters addressed to herself.

Of all these, but one, I think, is of moment in this history.

It was from Abijah Crane, dated at Rome, and was as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Mrs. ANNA WINCHESTER—MADAM: Doubtless rumor has informed you of my unexpectedly inheriting a large fortune, in estates, stocks and cash down, from my mother, which all was left to her by her uncle, Barton Brown, Esq. There were two exceptions in her will to my inheriting the whole; one was a legacy of \$5,000 to your daughter, Miss Mary Winchester; one of \$3,000 to Miss Cynthia Smith. I have forwarded the instructions, papers, etc., to Clement Flint, Esq., who will put those ladies duly in possession of those amounts.

"I have in times past deeply wronged you and your daughters. I am sorry. I hope for your forgiveness. I made a statement of the whole transaction—a confession you might name it, perhaps—which I lost when last at Buzzardville.

"I cannot summon courage to repeat it all. If I find you have not discovered my lost papers—and so found your lost daughter and an important paper—I will write it all once more.

"The revelations are calculated to cause your hearts (yours, dear madam, and Miss Mary's, perhaps another's) to thrill with joy.

"Very respectfully, etc., etc.,

"ABIJAH CRANE."

In the afternoon of that day C. Flint, Esq., arrived with his letter from Abijah Crane—his "papers, instructions and cash down"—for Miss Mary.

The little letter for Mrs. Clement Flint, *née* Cynthia Smith, Mr. Clement had very easily and pleasantly handed over to that lady, and, as he knew she would, had received it back again from her, to invest in "a good thing" for her, "for her own use," etc., etc.

Mrs. Winchester handed Abijah Crane's letter to Mr. Flint, with:

"Please read it aloud, sir."

He did so.

Little Bessie had been for over an hour trying diligently to learn a very dry lesson, and at this point of time was very sleepy indeed.

She whispered to herself, nodding between each word or so:

"Dear Miss Mary"—nod, nod—"oh, I'm so glad—so much money"—several nods—"Mr. Crane, that's the funny man"—nod, nod—"I heard talk—talk about him"—more nods. "A paper"—nod—"lost when I was at Buzzardville." Bessie doubled a finger into each pretty blue eye, shook herself, nodded again, and wondering whatever had become of her old workbox, trying to remember, and listening to their low voices speaking, she thought: "I'll hunt it up"—nod—"if that paper"—and then fast and sound little Bessie fell asleep, and dreamed of being ragged and footsore, unwashed, wild and wandering down by Cayuga lake.

Clement Flint, Esq., was upstairs, some little time after, in his room to dress and make himself presentable.

He became quite animated, lively and excited.

He soliloquized:

"Just so; just as I, Clement Flint, expected.

In that letter to Brown, Boyd & Co., he, Abijah, says 'a package is in his box marked W. W.' Now that stands for what? Why, Winchester's will, of course. I'll bet a goodly sum—a sum, sir, in round figures, sir—that that's what W. W. is intended to represent in that position. He has deeply wronged these ladies here—he, Abijah—of course he has. He confessed! Did he? I'd like to see that confession. Lost it, eh? Ah, I see. He had a secret when he was up here behind those whiskers; he said: 'I've lost it,' he said. Now, this confession's his secret. This W. W. is part of it. What's the rest about? 'Important paper,' eh? 'Thrill the hearts of Mrs. W., Mary, perhaps another's with his revelations,' eh? I see. Well, things are working. All right. A little more end to that side of cravat. Ah, a hair out of place. There, sir! you're all right; so you can present yourself to the ladies. His secret, eh? Lost it, eh? All right."

Subsequently in the parlor, C. Flint, Esq., conversed alone with Mrs. Winchester.

"We must get into that box, ma'am, at Brown, Boyd & Co.'s; and we must seek that confession."

"Yes, sir. I doubt if the latter was ever in existence."

"So do I, ma'am; but seek we must; perhaps we will find."

"When must you return?"

"To-morrow in the first train. I'll be here with you, madam, once more by the latter part of the week, or first of next week, ma'am."

"I'll be glad to have you with us to help in the search, sir."

After farther conversation, merging into other topics, tea was announced. C. Flint accepted an invitation to remain at that repeat, and soon after partaking thereof he returned to the White Swan Hotel.

He had a pleasant talk there with mine host, the slow of speech; also about bedtime partook of a soothing, genial beverage, and retired to bed and dreamland.

CHAPTER XII.—IN WHICH THE SECRET IS A SECRET NO MORE.

THE next day was clear, bright and cold. Miss Mary Winchester and Bessie sat side by side before the fire.

Bessie had recited and performed her usual lessons and tasks, and so they had been pleasantly talking awhile; although Bessie, for being at hard thinking, replied somewhat vacantly to Mary's remarks.

Bessie's thoughts were about her old workbox again; of the paper she had found a year or so ago; of the queer person that had been there at Buzzardville; and wondering about it before speaking aloud to Miss Mary of the matter. Presently said Bessie:

"Dear Miss Mary, I found something one day when I used to wander about so wildly by the lake gathering chips and idly playing."

"What did you find, Bessie—a paper?"

"Yes, I think it must have been the paper you and Mr. Flint have been speaking about. It was what I know now to be an envelope. It was thick, as if something was inside."

"Darling, I should not be surprised if that was the paper Mr. Crane says he lost."

"I think so too, dear Miss Mary."

"Have you got it now, Bessie?"

"No, ma'am. Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry; I lost it also, I'm afraid. Oh, oh!" and little Bessie wasted a flood of tears.

"Never mind, Bessie darling; there, don't cry; but try and remember. Where did you put it when you found it?"

"I placed it in my little old workbox, and I've been puzzled to know where it is. Oh, dear, dear!" and Bessie wept copiously, for her grief was great and sincere, and she now knew the value of the article supposed lost.

"There, darling; do try and be calm; we won't, we cannot blame you. Where did you put the box?"

"Oh, I fear I must have left it in the closet in the hut."

"Well, then, I'll get the key of the hut, and we will walk over there; it will warm us and do us good; and doubtless your box is there still."

Presently these two were bonneted, cloaked, furred, and on their way to the hut.

"There's the pile of stones I found it under," said Bessie, pointing thereto as they passed along. "Do you remember ever seeing the Mr. Crane we spoke about?"

"Yes, dear Miss Mary, I did. I saw him about this part of the lake. I thought he was a crazy man, he acted so wildly, pulling his hair, running up and down, rubbing his hands together and talking out loud; but what he said I do not know. I was naughty then, dear Miss Mary, and I thought it smart to hide the paper away. Oh, I'm so sorry, so very sorry now I ever did so, because it was so important to you, and has given you all so much trouble."

"Never mind, dear Bessie; you were a wee wild one then, full of fun. We will find it, and soon all will be well."

"Oh, I hope so; I do hope so."

Mary had had two brothers, Thomas and William, younger than she, and both deceased; also a sister, ten years younger than herself, who had been lost, never found, and was supposed also dead. These items of personal history, with other recollections of langsyne, Mary imparted to Bessie as they progressed along the banks of the lake, through the woods, and to the old, forsaken, tumbling-down hut.

Arriving there, they found the lock very rusty from disuse, and their efforts to obtain an entrance detained them twenty minutes, and tried their patience to the utmost.

They entered by-and-by; found the closet cobwebby and dusty; better still, found the box; and still better, or best, found the envelope there safe, comparatively uninjured.

Mary and Bessie were very glad.

Mary took the box, closed it up, paper inside, came away with Bessie, and left the old hut to the moths, the spiders and decay.

They returned home. They entered the parlor and found Mary's mother and Mary's lover seated before the fire.

Mary explained—cleared up the cause of their absence.

"We have the lost papers, dear ones, I think."

"It is the lost paper, doubtless," said Arthur.

"Mary, read it aloud, please. There should be no secrets among us," said Mrs. Winchester.

"There should be none, mother."

Then Mary emptied the contents of Bessie's box on the table, took out the envelope, broke the seal and withdrew the papers.

So a secret in a few minutes was a secret no more for ever.

Oh, Abijah! do you not wish you had been there present, to look upon the sadness and the great joy the reading of those documents produced?

THE SECRET OF ABIJAH CRANE.

Shall I give it to you, word for word, as read by Mary Winchester to her mother, lover and Bessie, or shall I give you the meat of it—the substance—the—In short, sum total. Which? "The latter." Well, well, the latter be it.

Two papers were in the envelope. One was a true copy of the last will and testament of Reuben Winchester, deceased, bequeathing his entire wealth, real estates, stocks, money, etc., to his wife and daughters Mary and Ella. This when placed into cash capital would make Mrs. Winchester's income near \$5,000 per annum, Mary's about \$3,000, and Ella's about \$2,000 per annum. The whole to belong to the survivors or survivor of Mrs. W.—. This, of course, was all very pleasant and very acceptable, and in the absence of Ella, Mrs. Winchester resolved to place her share securely, so as to accumulate until said Ella was found or her decease made certain.

The other paper was a confession why he had Mr. Reuben Winchester's will; why he hid it, and what he knew of Ella. First, he had been confidential clerk of the gentleman deceased. Therefore he had witnessed his signature to his will in company with Mr. Julius Thomas, another of his clerks. Mr. W. placed the will in his, Abijah's possession, to keep safely for him. Some months afterwards Julius Thomas died. Shortly thereafter Mr. Winchester, during his visit to New York, was killed. Meanwhile Abijah had proposed to Mary that he and she should marry when they would grow up, be old enough, etc. This proposal he had repeated several times in those youthful days, and each time he was kindly and firmly rejected. Mr. Abijah felt revengeful. So when the funeral party returned to the house after the burial of Mr. Winchester, there was no will produced. Abijah thought he would have his little spite, a bit of revenge, keep them out of the total property. He being the only one knowing of a will being in existence, this was easy to do, and revenge is sweet you know.

The item next in order thrilled our friends at Myrtle Grove with gladness. Mrs. Winchester wept tears of joy, Mary was in ecstasies of delight, Arthur clapped his hands and fairly danced; little Bessie was nearly suffocated by the kisses and embraces she received from all. They were so glad! so very, very glad! Why? Because little Bessie, the wild girl of the wood, and the long lost Ella were the same. Bessie was Ella, Ella was Bessie. This they learned from the confession of Abijah, this was the great secret. We give this part in his own words addressed to Mrs. Winchester:

"Three months, madam, after your husband's death, you, Mary and Ella again visited New York. While there Ella was lost, as too well you know. Three months thereafter I was on a business trip westward for Brown, Boyd & Co. I found a little girl in the woods near Buzzardville. I recognized her as the lost Ella. I ascertained that a farmer, a very old man and feeble, travelling in his wagon

homeward from New York city, found Ella by the roadside tired, footsore and crying. He took her into his wagon and continued on his way home.

"He tried to find out about her, so as to return her to her home, but was unsuccessful. Soon after he removed to near Buzzardville. Then he fell sick. He lodged in a hut in the woods, and had an old woman with him as housekeeper; she must have been at least ninety. Ella had been named Bessie by these old people. They had left her to grow up wildly; thus I found her. The last rejection of me by Miss Mary, three years ago, caused me to continue revengeful; therefore I never spoke of my knowledge of Ella; never helped her either. I have a disease of the heart which may cause my instant death any moment. The knowledge of this and the weight of this secret are too much for me. So with the promptings of conscience thereto, I've been impelled to confess to you, to state the truth in the matter, and beg your forgiveness—all of you forgive me I humbly pray.

"The will itself is in the box of mine in the fireproof at the store of Brown, Boyd & Co. I have given Clement Flint, Esq., instructions to obtain it and settle it up correctly.

"Wild Bessie is Ella."

"I shall go abroad; I beg you to pity, and console me, all of you forgive one who so long, so causelessly has wronged you."

ABIJAH CRANE."

Fortune restored! the lost one found! happiness, joy! Imagine the scene caused by these revelations; the beautiful tableau as the curtain falls.

CHAPTER XIII.—IN WHICH AUTHOR AND READER VISIT THE WHITE SWAN FOR THE LAST TIME—IN WHICH AUTHOR AND READER PART FROM EACH OTHER FOR A TIME.

A FEW days after the reading thereof privately in the parlor at Myrtle Grove the secret had become spread, and lost nothing in its march from mouth to mouth.

The tenth day of its travels Abijah would have been appalled at its dimensions. His infant secret had matured into a giant. Visitors curious, and visitors friendly and congratulatory called in at Myrtle Grove. Clement Flint and lady visited Buzzardville for a fortnight, and were much pleased, highly delighted, etc., at this piece of good fortune. He made all right legally as to will, settlements, etc., pocketing his fee as he should. So they all were very happy, very loving, very rich.

Shall our story end here? No. Well then, one day about this happy time Mr. Samuel Ogle drove his coach and four up to the White Swan Hotel with not a single inside or outside passenger. All the same, however, he was welcome by Mr. Mike Trotter, mine host.

"Come—come in—Sam—uel. Glad to—see—you."

Mr. Ogle went in; so did the horses, not into the inn, but the Swan's stables. Mr. Ogle partook of his usual, and lighting a cigar was ready for anything startling or otherwise. Then Mr. Ogle sat down by the stove, and with his long arms seemed to embrace that warm friend, for it was very cold without, the days were short, the air keen, the ride long, and Christmas was coming.

So Mr. Mike Trotter told Mr. S. Ogle all he knew of Mr. Abijah Crane's revelations. Then said mine host:

"I knew—it—Sam—uel. I said—so—to you. I—said so—to other—folks—that that—man—was a—queer—cus—tom—er. He—wasn't—a—good one—couldn't—be—good. Be—cause—his—se—cret—was—a—wrong—some—at—on—his—mind. And—now—behold—I—was—right—you—see—it—was—so—Sam—uel."

"Well it is a good windfall for 'em all, especially the little girl. I always considered her out of her spear, wandering so."

"Yes—yes—very—good—for 'em all—as—you say—Sam—uel. I suppose—now—Miss Mary—and—Mr.—Ar—thur—'ll—be—get—ting—mar—ried soon."

"Next Christmas Eve, Mike, I believe, and a quiet and very select affair it's to be, I hear."

"Ver—y—well—now—Sam—uel—you—ally—old—sta—ger!" Here Mr. Trotter facetiously put his fingers among Mr. Ogle's ribs ticklingly, and continued: "Sally—our—maid—says—to—me the—other—day—'please—sir—I—come—to—give you—warn—in—m—io—ter—Trot—ter—for—me—and—Sam—uel—O—gal—is—a—going—to—be—mar—ried—sir—please—sir. Now—Sam—uel—O—gal—is—that—so? Oh! you.' Another poka rib-wad."

"It is, old friend—it is true—give me joy."

And joy was given Mr. Ogle by Mr. Trotter, and they drank each other's health and the ladies' health, and Mr. Trotter declared his intention never to marry, but to stand by the White Swan until death he and it should part. And Mr. Ogle told him that Sally and he would reside with him at the White Swan.

"Sam—uel—I'm—wil—ling—so—bring—your—traps—al—ong."

As the telegraph columns of the daily papers the latest news announce to the dear public, so I will conclude by presenting the news of Buzzardville a few months after.

LATE FROM BUZZARDVILLE, N. Y.

Mr. Ogle and Sally were married and happily dwelt with Mr. Trotter at the White Swan.

LATER.

On Christmas Eve Miss Mary Winchester became Mrs. Arthur Harrington. The course of their true love had run smoothly, and now they were, "Oh, so very happy!"

STILL LATER.

Mrs. Winchester taken sick, after a brief illness, died. Mary, Arthur and Ella Bessie in gloom for many weeks. Then all resume a pleasant life at Myrtle Grove.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

News from Abijah Crane. He has been doing well. His heart disease (?) cured. He has reformed in every particular—so to say. He is a church member, a very benevolent man. He is a happy husband—ditto father—dear me!

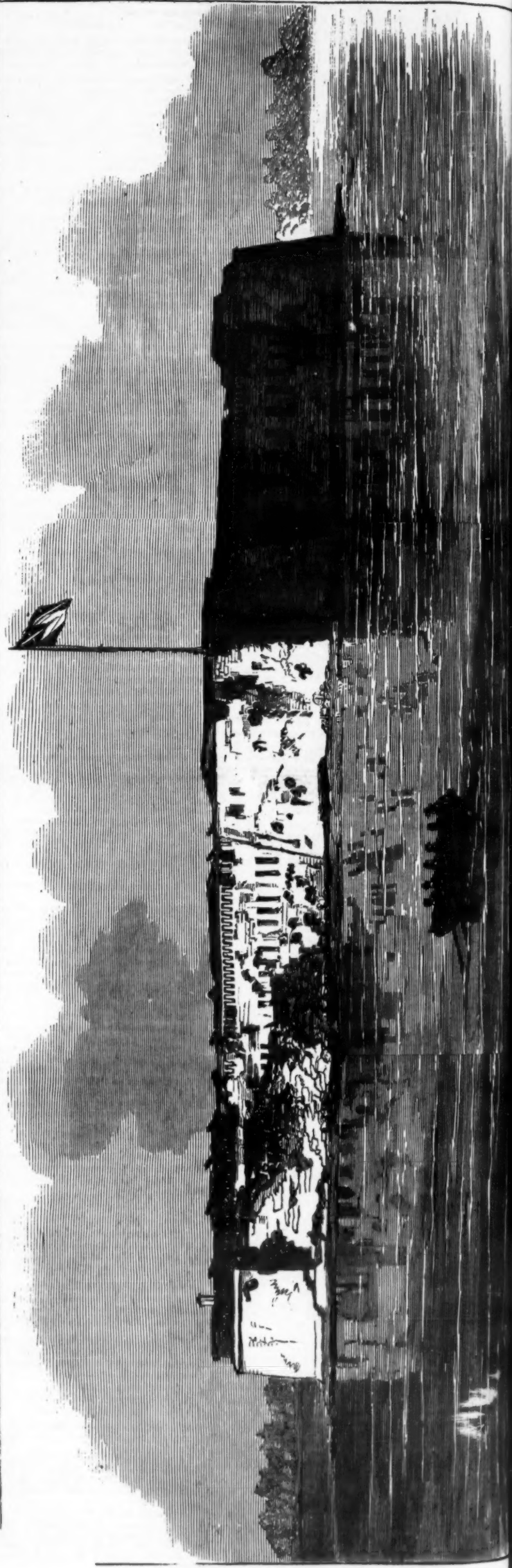
TEN YEARS STILL LATER.

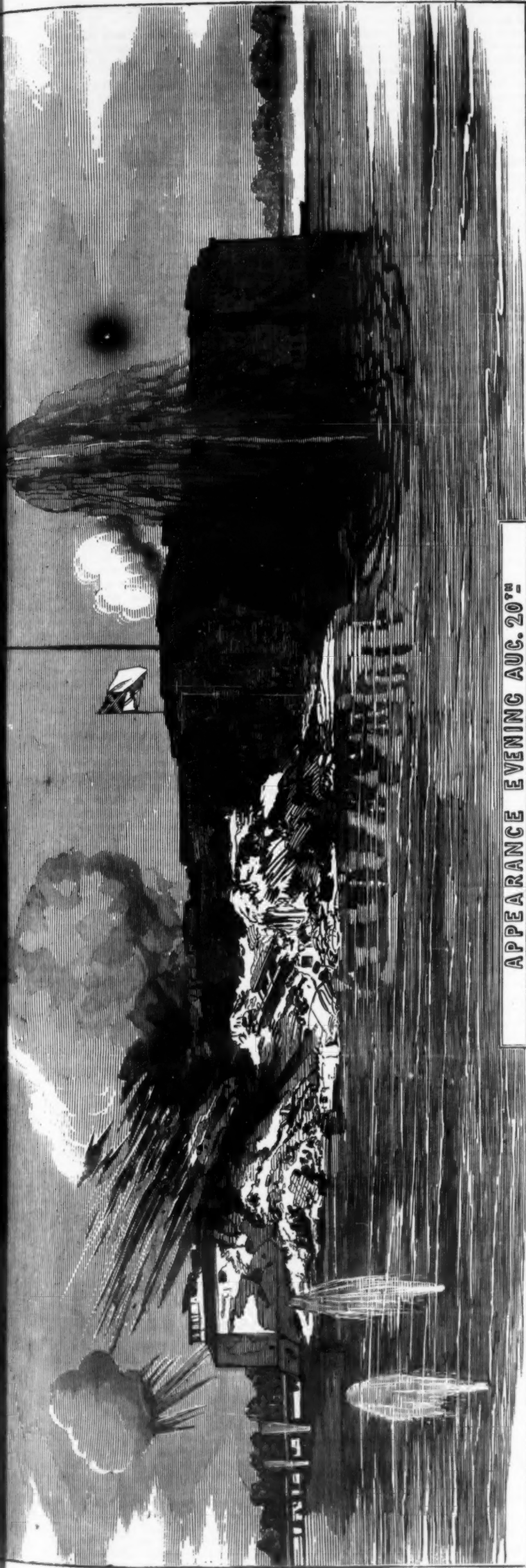
The Rev. Archibald Webb, having at first taken an interest in Ella Bessie, as she grew up and expanded into a lovely, highly cultivated woman, a Christian gentlemanman, his respect had become deep regard, friendship, etc., ripening into true love. He was handsome, intelligent, good, only a few years Bessie's senior. In short she said "Yes," and as mentioned as to time, ten years after the divulging of the secret they were married.

So Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Sam—uel Ogle, Mr. and Mrs. Bob White, and Rev. and Mrs. Archy Webb were all as happy, loving and prosperous couples as you could find anywhere.

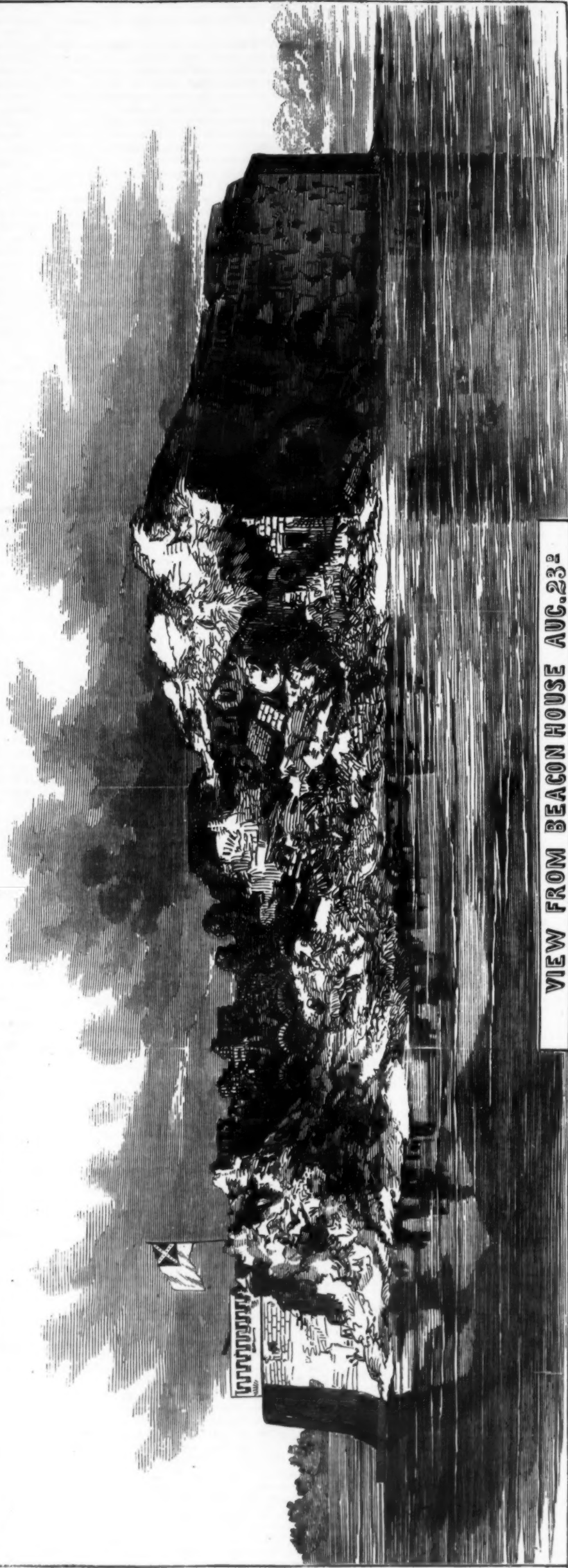


EFFECT OF FIRST SHOTS, AUG. 16TH





APPEARANCE EVENING AUG. 20TH



VIEW FROM BEACON HOUSE AUG. 23RD

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—VIEWS SHOWING THE PROGRESSIVE DEMOLITION OF FORT SUMTER BY GENERAL GILLMORE—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CLARK

A SIGH.

Oh! tell me, ye sages of learning,
Whence comes this continual cry—
This pitiful weeping and wailing
Which falls on my ear with a sigh?

Yon baby which lies in the cradle,
With a tear in its little blue eye,
Though to care and sorrow a stranger,
Sobs an occasional sigh.

The cotter, as homeward he rambles,
His daily labor laid by,
Approaches his cottage rejoicing,
But raises the latch with a sigh.

The soldier who goes into battle,
Feels a tear gushing up to his eye;
Dashes madly on to the struggle,
And yields up his life with a sigh.

That pious patriarch, dying,
Looked steadfastly into the sky;
His hopes were all centred in heaven,
Yet he left the world with a sigh.

Let me climb to the top of yon mountain,
With the sea and the surf rushing high,
The surge of that dark solemn ocean
Sends up a sad, sorrowful sigh.

If I enter the walls of some palace,
Where splendor dazzles the eye,
Even there, among beauty and fashion,
How often, alas! do they sigh.

Oh, tell me, where is that heaven
To which I am longing to fly?
Is it up in the beautiful sunshine?
Is it there where they never more sigh?

'Tis there, at the feet of the Saviour,
Far away beyond the blue sky,
Where angels celestial are standing,
Who are never disturbed by a sigh.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LILIE," "JOHN MARSHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—AT SEA.

THE will was gone. Eleanor tried to think how or where she could have lost it. It might have dropped from her pocket, perhaps. That was the only solution of the mystery that presented itself to her mind. The open pocket of her dress might have been caught by one of the laurel boughs as she crouched upon the ground, and when she rose the paper had dropped out. There was no other way in which she could have lost it. She had been so absorbed in the watch she had kept on Launcelot Darrell as to forget the value of the document which she had thrust carelessly into her pocket. Her father's letter and Launcelot Darrell's sketch were still safe in the bosom of her dress; but the will, the genuine will, in place of which the young man had introduced some fabrication of his own, was gone.

"Let me see this will, Eleanor," Gilbert Monckton said, advancing to his wife. Although she had been the most skilful actress, the most accomplished deceiver amongst all womankind, her conduct to-night could not be all acting, it could not be all deception. She did not love him; she had confessed that very plainly. She did not love him, and she had only married him in order to serve a purpose of her own. But then, on the other hand, if her passionate words were to be believed in, she did not love Launcelot Darrell. There was some comfort in that. "Let me see the will, Eleanor," he repeated, as his wife stared at him blankly in the first shock of her discovery.

"I can't find it," she said, hopelessly. "It's gone; it's lost. Oh, for pity's sake, go out into the garden and look for it. I must have dropped it amongst the evergreens outside Mr. de Crespigny's rooms. Pray go and look for it."

"I will," the lawyer said, taking up his hat and walking towards the door of the room.

But Miss Lavinia de Crespigny stopped him. "No, Mr. Monckton," she said; "pray don't go out into the night air. Parker is the proper person to look for this document."

She rang the bell, which was answered by the old butler.

"Has Brooks come back from Windsor?" she asked.

"No, miss, not yet."

"A paper has been dropped in the garden, Parker, somewhere among the evergreens, outside my uncle's rooms. Will you take a lantern and go and look for it?"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Miss Sarah, "Brooks has been a very long time going from here to Windsor and back again. I wish Mr. Lawford's clerk were come. The place would be taken care of, then, and we should have no further anxiety."

The lady looked suspiciously from her nephew to Eleanor, and from Eleanor to Gilbert Monckton. She did not know whom to trust or whom to fear. Launcelot Darrell sat before her, biting savagely at his nails, and with his head bent upon his breast. Eleanor had sunk into the chair nearest her, utterly dumbfounded by the loss of the will.

"You need not fear that we shall long intrude upon you, Miss de Crespigny," Gilbert Monckton said. "My wife has made an accusation against a person in this room. It is only right, in your interest, and for the justification of her truth and

honor, that this business should be investigated—and immediately."

"The will must be found!" Eleanor cried; "it must have fallen from my pocket in the shrubbery."

Launcelot Darrell said nothing. He waited the issue of the search that was being made. If the will was found, he was prepared to repudiate it; for there was no other course left to him. He hated this woman, who had suddenly arisen before him as an enemy and denouncer, who had recalled to him the bitter memory of his first great dishonor, and who had detected him in the commission of his first crime. He hated Eleanor, and was ready to sacrifice her to his own safety.

He lifted his head, presently, and looked about him with a scornful laugh.

"Is this a farce or a conspiracy, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked. "Do you expect to invalidate my great-uncle's genuine will—wherever that will may happen to be found—by the production of some document dropped by you in the garden, and which has, very likely, never been inside this house, much less in my uncle's possession. You surely don't expect any one to believe your pretty, romantic story, of a suicide in Paris, and a midnight scene at Woodlands? It would be an excellent paragraph for a hard-up penny-a-liner, but, really, for any other purpose—"

"Take care, Mr. Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said, quietly, "you will gain nothing by insolence. If I do not resent your impertinence to my wife, it is because I begin to believe that you are so despicable a scoundrel as to be unworthy of an honest man's anger. You had much better hold your tongue."

There was no particular eloquence in these last few words, but there was something in the lawyer's tone that effectually silenced Launcelot Darrell. Mr. Monckton's cane lay upon a chair by the fireplace, and while speaking he had set down his hat, and taken up the cane; unconsciously, perhaps; but the movement had not escaped the guilty man's furtive glance. He kept silence; and with his face darkened by a gloomy scowl, still sat biting his nails. The will would be found. The genuine document would be compared with the fabrication he had placed amongst his great-uncle's papers, and perpetual shame, punishment and misery would be his lot. What he suffered to-night, sitting amongst these people, not one of whom he could count as a friend, was only a foretaste of what he would have to suffer by-and-by in a criminal dock.

For some time there was silence in the room. The two sisters, anxious and perplexed, looked almost despairingly at each other, fearful that at the end of all this business they would be the sufferers; cheated, in their helplessness, either by George Vane's daughter or by Launcelot Darrell. Eleanor, exhausted by her own excitement, sat with her eyes fixed upon the door, waiting for the coming of the old butler.

More than a quarter of an hour passed in this way. Then the door opened, and Mr. Parker made his appearance.

"You have found it!" cried Eleanor, starting to her feet.

"No, ma'am. No, Miss Lavinia," added the butler. "I have searched every inch of the garden, and there is nothink in the shape of a paper to be found. The 'ousemaid was with me, and she searched likewise."

"It must be in the garden!" exclaimed Eleanor, "it must be there—unless it has been blown away!"

"There's not wind enough for that, ma'am. The 'rubberies are 'igh, and it would take a deal of wind to blow a paper across the tops of the trees."

"And you've searched the ground under the trees?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"Yes, sir. We've searched everywhere; me and the 'ousemaid."

Launcelot Darrell burst into a loud laugh, an insolent, strident laugh.

"Why, I thought as much," he cried; "the whole story is a farce. I beg your pardon, Mr. Monckton, for calling it a conspiracy. It is merely a slight hallucination of your wife's; and I dare say she is as much George Vane's daughter as I am the fabricator of a forged will."

Mr. Darrell's triumph had made him foolhardy. In the next moment Gilbert Monckton's hand was on the collar of his coat, and the came uplifted above his shoulders.

"Oh, my goodness me!" shrieked Sarah de Crespigny, with a dismal wail, "there'll be murder done presently. Oh, this is too dreadful; in the dead of the night, too."

But before any harm could happen to Launcelot Darrell, Eleanor clung about her husband's upraised arm.

"What you said just now was the truth, Gilbert," she cried, "he is not worthy of it; he is not, indeed. He is beneath an honest man's anger. Let him alone; for my sake let him alone. Retribution must come upon him sooner or later. I thought it had come to-night, but there has been witchcraft in all this business. I can't understand it."

"Stay, Eleanor," said Gilbert Monckton, putting down his cane, and turning away from Launcelot Darrell as he might have turned from a mongrel cur that he had been dissuaded from punishing: "This last will—what was the wording of it—to whom did it leave the fortune?"

Launcelot Darrell looked up, eagerly, breathlessly, waiting for Eleanor's answer.

"I don't know," she said.

"What, have you forgotten?"

"No, I never knew anything about the contents of the will. I had no opportunity of looking at it. I took it from the chair on which Launcelot Darrell threw it, and put it in my pocket. From that moment to this I have never seen it."

"How do you know, then, that it was a will?" asked Gilbert Monckton.

"Because," said Miss Sarah, "I and his companion, relieved by the knowledge of his death."

"Come, Mr. M," she said, with an air of injured innocence, "you have been very anxious to investigate the grounds of your wife's accusation, and have been very ready to believe in a most absurd story. You have even gone so far as to wish to execute summary vengeance upon me with a walking-stick. I think it's my turn now to ask a few questions."

"You can ask as many as you please," answered the lawyer.

His mind was bewildered by what had happened. Eleanor's earnestness, which had all seemed so real, had all ended in nothing. How if it was all acting, how if some darker mystery lurked beneath all this tumult of accusation and denial? The canker of suspicion, engendered by one woman's treachery, had taken deep root in Gilbert Monckton's breast. He had lost one of the purest and highest gifts of a noble nature—the power to trust.

"Very well, then," said Launcelot Darrell, turning to Eleanor: "perhaps you will tell me how I contrived to open this cabinet, out of which you say I stole one document, and into which you declare I introduced another?"

"You took the keys from Mr. de Crespigny's room."

"Indeed! But is there no one keeping watch in that room?"

"Yes," cried Miss Sarah, "Jepcott is there. Jepcott has been there ever since my beloved uncle expired. Nothing has been disturbed, and Jepcott has had the care of the room. We could trust Jepcott with untold gold."

"Yes," said Miss Lavinia, "with untold gold." "But she was asleep!" cried Eleanor, "the woman was asleep when that man went into the room."

"Asleep!" exclaimed Miss Sarah. "Oh, surely not. Surely Jepcott would not deceive us; I can't think that of her. The very last words I said to her were, 'Jepcott, do you feel at all sleepy? If you feel in the least degree sleepy, have the housemaid to sit with you—make assurance doubly sure, and have the housemaid.' 'No, miss,' Jepcott said, 'I never felt more wakeful in my life, and as to the girl, she's a poor, frightened silly, and I don't think you could induce her to go into master's room, though you were to offer her a five pound note for doing it.' And if Jepcott went to sleep after this, knowing that everything was left about just as it was when my uncle died, it was really too bad of her."

"Send for Mrs. Jepcott," said Launcelot Darrell; "let us hear what she has to say about this very probable story of my stealing my great-uncle's keys."

Miss Lavinia de Crespigny rang the bell, which was answered by Mr. Parker, who, though usually slow to respond to any summons, was wonderfully prompt in his attendance this evening.

"Tell Mrs. Jepcott to come here," said Miss Lavinia, "I want to speak to her."

The butler departed upon this errand, and again there was a silent pause, which seemed a very long one, but which only extended over five minutes. At the end of that time Mrs. Jepcott appeared. She was a respectable-looking woman, prim and rather grim in appearance. She had been in the dead man's service for five-and-thirty years, and was about fifteen years older than the Misses de Crespigny, whom she always spoke of as "the young ladies."

"Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "I want to know whether anybody whatever, except yourself, has entered Mr. de Crespigny's room since you have been placed in charge of it?"

"Oh dear no, miss," answered the housekeeper promptly, "certainly not."

"Are you sure of that, Jepcott?"

"Quite sure, miss, as sure as I am that I am standing here this moment."

"You speak very confidently, Jepcott, but this is really a most serious business. I am told that you have been asleep."

"Asleep, Miss de Crespigny! Oh, dear, who could say anything of the kind? Who could be so wicked as to tell such a story?"

"You are certain that you have not been asleep?"

"Yes, miss, quite certain. I closed my eyes sometimes, for my sight is weak, as you know, miss, and the light dazzled me and made my eyes ache. I closed my eyes generally when I sit down of an evening, for my sight doesn't allow me to do needlework by candlelight, neither to read a newspaper; and I may have closed my eyes to-night, but I didn't go to sleep, miss, oh dear no; I was too nervous and anxious for that, a great deal; besides, I am not a good sleeper at any time, and so I should have heard if a mouse had stirred in the room."

"You didn't hear me come into the room, did you, Mrs. Jepcott?" asked Launcelot Darrell.

"You, Mr. Darrell? Oh, dear, no; neither you nor anybody else, sir."

"And you don't think that I could have come into the room without your knowing it? You don't think I could have come in while you were asleep?"

"But I wasn't asleep, Mr. Darrell; and as for you or anybody comin' in without my hearin' 'em—why, I heard every leaf that stirred outside the windows."

"I fear that at least this part of your charge must drop to the ground, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, scornfully.

"Jepcott," said Miss Lavinia de Crespigny, "go back and see if my uncle's keys are safe."

"Yes, do, Mrs. Jepcott," exclaimed Launcelot Darrell; "and be sure you take notice whether they have been disturbed since your master died." The housekeeper left the room, and returned after about three minutes' absence.

"The keys are quite safe, Miss Lavinia," she said.

"And they have not been disturbed?" asked Launcelot.

"No, Mr. Darrell, they haven't been moved a quarter of an inch. They're lyin' just where they lay when my poor master died, half hid under a pocket-handkerchief."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath. How wonderfully these foolish women had played into his hands, and helped him to escape.

"That will do, Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "you may go now. Remember that you are responsible for everything in my uncle's room until the arrival of Mr. Lawford's clerk. It would have been a very bad business for you if Mr. de Crespigny's keys had been tampered with."

Mrs. Jepcott looked rather alarmed at this remark, and retired without delay. Suppose she had been asleep, after all, for five minutes or so, and some mischief had arisen out of it, what might not her punishment be. She had a very vague idea of the power of the law, and did not know what penalties she might have incurred by five minutes' unconsciousness. This honest woman had been in the habit of spending the evening in a series of intermittent naps for the last ten years, and had no idea that while closing her eyes to shade them from the glare of the light, she often slumbered soundly for an hour at a stretch.

"Well, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, when the housekeeper had left the room, "I suppose now you are convinced that all this mid-winter night's dream is a mere hallucination of your own."

Eleanor looked at him with a contemptuous smile, whose open scorn was not the least painful torture he had been obliged to bear that night.

"Do not speak to me," she said; "remember who I am; and let that memory keep you silent."

The doorbell rang loudly as Eleanor finished speaking.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigny, "Mr. Lawford's clerk has come at last. He will take charge of everything, and if anybody has tampered with my uncle's papers," she added, looking first at Launcelot and then at Eleanor, "I have no doubt he will find out all about it. We are poor unprotected women, but I dare say we shall find those who will be able to defend our rights."

"I don't think we have any occasion to stop here," said Mr. Monckton; "are you ready to come home, Eleanor?"

"Quite ready," his wife answered.

"You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing."

"Put on your cloak, then, and come. Good-night, Miss de Crespigny. Good-night, Miss Lavinia."

Mr. Lamb, the Windsor solicitor's clerk, came in while Gilbert Monckton and his wife were leaving the room. He was the same old man whom Richard Thornton had seen at Windsor. Eleanor perceived that this man was surprised to see Launcelot Darrell. He started, and looked at the artist with a half-frightened, half-inquiring glance; but the young man did not return the look.

CHAPTER XLVI.—LAURA'S TROUBLES.

Gilbert Monckton offered Eleanor his arm as they went out of the hall and down the steps before the front entrance.

"I would have got a conveyance for you if it had been possible, Eleanor," he said; "but of course at this time of night that is utterly out of the question. Do you think that you can manage to walk home?"

"Oh, yes; very well indeed."

She sighed as she spoke. She felt completely baffled by what had occurred, terribly prostrated by the defeat which had befallen her. There was no hope, then. This base and treacherous man was always to triumph: however wicked, however criminal.

"Is it very late?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, very late—past one o'clock."

The husband and wife walked homewards in silence. The road seemed even drearier than before to Eleanor, though this time she had a companion in her dismal journey. But this time despair was gnawing at her breast; she had been supported before by excitement, buoyed up by hope.

They reached Tolldale at last. The butler admitted them. He had sent all the other servants to bed, and had sat up alone to receive his master.

Even upon this night of bewilderment Gilbert Monckton endeavored to keep up appearances.

"We have been to Woodlands," he said to the old servant. "Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

He had no doubt that his own and his wife's absence had given rise to wonderment in the quiet household, and he thought by this means to set all curiosity at rest. But the drawing-room door opened while he was speaking, and Laura rushed into the hall.

"Oh, my goodness gracious," she exclaimed, "here you are at last. What I have suffered this evening! Oh! what agonies I have suffered this evening, wondering what had happened, and thinking of all sorts of horrid things."

"But, my dear Laura, why didn't you go to bed?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"Go to bed!" screamed the young lady. "Go to bed with my poor brain bursting with suspense. I'm sure if people's brains do burst, it's a wonder mine hasn't to-night, and I thought ever so many times it was going to do it. First Eleanor goes out without leaving word where she's gone; and then you go out without leaving word where you're gone; and then you both stay away for hours, and hours, and hours. And there I sit all the time watching the clock, with nobody but the Skye to keep my company, until I get so nervous that I daren't look behind me, and I almost begin to feel as if the Skye was a demon dog! And, oh! do tell me what in goodness' name has happened?"

"Come into the drawing-room, Laura; and pray don't talk so fast. I will tell you presently."

Mr. Monckton walked into the drawing-room followed by Laura and his wife. He closed the door carefully, and then sat himself down by the fire.

"I've had coals put on five times," exclaimed Miss Mason, "but all the coals in the world wouldn't keep me from shivering and feeling as if somebody was coming in through the door and looking over my shoulder. If it hadn't been for the sky I should have gone mad. What has happened?"

"Something has happened at Woodlands," Mr. Monckton began gravely, but Laura interrupted him with a little shriek.

"Oh, don't," she cried, "don't, please; I'd rather you didn't. I know what you're going to say. You must come and sleep with me to-night, Eleanor, if you don't want to find me raving mad in the morning. No wonder I felt as if the room was peopled with ghosts."

"Don't be foolish, Laura," Mr. Monckton said, impatiently. "You asked me what has happened, and I tell you. To speak plain, Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

"Yes, I guessed that, of course, directly you began to speak in that solemn way. It's very dreadful—not that he should be dead, you know, because I scarcely ever saw him, and when I did see him he always seemed to be deaf or grumpy—but it seems dreadful that people should die at all, and I always fancy they'll come walking into the room at night when I'm taking my hair down before the glass, and look over my shoulder, as they do in German stories."

"Laura!"

"Oh, please don't look contemptuously at me," cried Miss Mason, piteously; "of course, if you haven't got nerves it's very easy to despise these things; and I wish I'd been born a man or a lawyer, or something of that sort, so that I might never be nervous. Not that I believe in ghosts, you know; I'm not so childish as that. I don't believe in them, and I'm not afraid of them, but I don't like them!"

Mr. Monckton's contemptuous expression changed to a look of pity. This was the foolish girl whom he had been about to entrust to the man he now knew to be a villain. He now knew—bah! he had paltered with his own confidence. He had known it from the first; and this poor child loved Launcelot Darrell. Her hopes, like his own, were shipwrecked; and even in the egotism of his misery the strong man felt some compassion for this helpless girl.

"So Mr. de Crespigny is dead," Laura said after a pause; "does Launcelot know it yet?"

"He does."

"Was he there to-night—up at Woodlands, in spite of his nasty old aunts?"

"Yes, he was there."

Eleanor looked anxiously, almost piteously at Laura. The great disappointment, the deathblow of every hope, was coming down upon her, and Eleanor, who could see the hand uplifted to strike, and the cruel knife bared ready to inflict the fatal stab, shivered as she thought of the misery the thoughtless girl must have to suffer.

"But what can her misery be against my father's," she thought, "and how am I accountable for her sorrow? It is all Launcelot Darrell's work, it is his wicked work from first to last."

"And do you think he will have the fortune?" Laura asked.

"I don't know, my dear," her guardian answered, gravely, "but I think it matters very little either to you or me whether he may get the fortune or not."

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, "how strangely you speak; how cruelly and coldly you speak of Launcelot, just as if you didn't care whether he was rich or poor. Oh, good heavens," she shrieked, suddenly growing wild with terror, "why do you both look at me like that? Why do you both look so anxious? I know that something dreadful has happened; something has happened to Launcelot! It's not Mr. de Crespigny, it's Launcelot that's dead!"

"No, no, Laura, he is not dead. It would be better perhaps if he were. He is not a good man, Laura, and he can never be your husband."

"Oh, I don't care a bit about his not being good, as long as he isn't dead," exclaimed Laura. "I never said he was good, and never wanted him to be good. I'm not good; for I don't like going to church three times every Sunday. The idea of your saying my poor dear Launcelot mustn't marry me because he isn't good! I like him to be a little wicked, like the Giaour, or Manfred—though goodness gracious only knows what he'd done that he should go on as he did—I never asked him to be good. Goodness wouldn't go well with his style of looks. It's fair people, with wispy-washy blue eyes and straight hair, and no eyebrows or eyelashes in particular, that are generally good. I hate good people, and if you don't let me marry Launcelot Darrell now, I shall marry him when I'm of age, and that'll be in three years' time."

Miss Mason said all this with great vehemence and indignation, and then walked towards the door of the room; but Eleanor stopped her, and caught the slender little figure in her arms.

"Ah! Laura, Laura," she cried, "you must listen to us, you must hear us, my poor darling. I know it seems very cruel to speak against the man you love, but it would be fifty times more cruel to let you marry him, and leave you to discover afterwards, when your life was linked to his, and never, never could be a happy life again if parted from him, that he was unworthy of your love. It is terrible to be told this now, Laura, it would be a thousand times more terrible to hear it then. Come with me to your room, Laura, I will stay with you all to-night. I will tell you all I know about Launcelot Darrell. I ought to have told you before, per-

haps, but I waited; I waited for what I begin to think will never come."

"I won't believe anything against him," cried Laura, passionately, disengaging herself from Eleanor's embrace; "I won't listen to you. I won't hear a word. I know why you don't want me to marry him; you were in love with him yourself, you know you were, and you're jealous of me, and you want to prevent my being happy with him."

Of all the unlucky speeches that could have been made in the presence of Gilbert Monckton, this was perhaps the most unlucky. He started as if he had been stung, and rising from his seat near the fire, took a lighted candle from a side table, and walked to the door.

"I really can't endure all this," he said. "Eleanor, I'll leave you with Laura. Say what you have to say about Launcelot Darrell, and for pity's sake let me never hear his name again. Good-night."

The two girls were left alone together. Laura had thrown herself upon a sofa, and was sobbing violently. Eleanor stood a few paces from her, looking at her with the same tender and compassionate expression with which she had regarded her from the first.

"When I see your troubles, Laura," she said, "I almost forget my own. My poor dear child, God knows how truly I pity you."

"But I don't want your pity," cried Laura. "I shall hate you if you say anything against Launcelot. Why should anybody pity me? I am engaged to the man I love, the only man I ever loved, you know that, Eleanor; you know how I fell in love with him directly he came to Haslewood, and I will marry him in spite of all the world. I shall be of age in three years, and then no horrid guardians can prevent my doing what I like!"

"But you would not marry him, Laura, if you knew him to be a bad man?"

"I would never believe that he is a bad man."

"But my darling, you will listen to me. I must tell you the truth. I have kept it from you too long. I have been very guilty in keeping it from you. I ought to have told you when I first came back to Toldale."

"What ought you to have told me?"

"The story of my life, Laura. But I thought you would come between me and the victory I wanted to achieve."

"What victory?"

"A victory over the man who caused my father's death."

Then, little by little, interrupted by a hundred exclamations and protestations from the sobbing girl whose head lay on her shoulder, and whose waist was encircled by her arm, Eleanor Monckton told the story of her return to Paris, the meeting on the Boulevard and George Vane's suicide. Little by little she contrived to explain to the wretched girl, who clung about her, and who declared again and again that she would not believe anything against Launcelot, that she could not think him cruel or treacherous—how the artist and his vile associate, Victor Bourdon, had cheated the old man out of the money which represented his own honor and the future welfare of his child.

"You think me hard and merciless, Laura," she cried, "and I sometimes wonder at my own feelings; but remember, only remember what my father suffered. He was cheated out of the money that had been entrusted to him. He was afraid to face his own child. Oh, my poor dear, how could you wrong me so cruelly!" she exclaimed. "How could you think that I should have spoken one word of reproach or loved you any the less if you had lost a dozen fortunes of mine? No, Laura, I cannot forget what my father suffered, I cannot be merciful to this man!"

Eleanor's task was a very hard one. Laura would not believe, or she would not acknowledge that she believed, though she had none of the calm assurance which a perfect and entire faith in her lover should have given her. It was useless to reason with her. All Eleanor's logic was powerless against the passionate force of this girl's perpetual cry, the gist of which was, "I will believe no harm of him! I love him, and I will not cease to love him!"

She would not argue, or listen to Eleanor's calm reasoning, for Mrs. Monckton was very calm in the knowledge of her own defeat, almost despairingly resigned, in the idea that all struggle against Launcelot Darrell was hopeless. Laura would not listen, would not be convinced. The man whom Eleanor had seen in Paris was not Launcelot. He was in India at that very time. He had written letters from India, and posted them thence, with foreign postage stamps. The shipbroker's books were all wrong; what was more likely than that stupid shipbroker's clerks should make wrong entries in their horrid books? In short, according to poor Laura's reasoning, Launcelot Darrell was the victim of a series of coincidences. There had happened to be a person who resembled him in Paris at the time of George Vane's death. There had happened to be a mistake in the shipbroker's books. The figure in the watercolored sketch the Eleanor had stolen happened to be like the old man. Miss Mason rejected circumstantial evidence in toto. As for the story of the forgery, she declared that it was all a fabrication of Eleanor's, invented in order that the marriage should be postponed.

"You're very cruel, Eleanor," she cried, "and you've acted very treacherously, and I shouldn't have thought it of you. First you fall in love with Launcelot Darrell; and then you go and marry my guardian; and then, when you find that you don't like my guardian, you beguile me of my happiness; and you now want to set me against Launcelot; but I will not be set against him. There!"

This last decisive monosyllable was uttered amidst a torrent of sobs, and then, for a long time, the two girls sat in silence upon the sofa before the expiring fire. By-and-bye, Laura nestled her head a little closer upon Eleanor's shoulder, then a little hand, very cold, by reason of its owner's agitation, stole into the open palm lying idle on Mrs. Monckton's

lap; and at last, in a low voice, almost stifled by tears, she murmured:

"Do you think that he is wicked? Oh, Eleanor, do you really think it was he who cheated your poor old father?"

"I know that it was he, Laura."

"And do you believe that he has made a false will for the sake of that dreadful money? Oh, how could he care for the money when we might have been so happy together poor! Do you really believe that he has committed—forgery?"

She dropped her voice to a whisper as she spoke the word that was so awful to her when uttered in relation to Launcelot Darrell.

"I believe it, and I know it, Laura," Eleanor answered, gravely.

"But what will they do to him? What will become of him? They won't hang him—will they Eleanor? They don't hang people for forgery."

Oh, Eleanor, what will become of him? I love him so dearly, I don't care what he is, or what he has done. I love him still, and would die to save him."

"You need not be afraid, Laura," Mrs. Monckton answered, rather bitterly. "Launcelot Darrell will escape all evil consequences of what he has done. You may be sure of that. He will hold his head higher than he ever held it yet, Laura. He will be master of Woodlands before next week is over."

"But his conscience, Eleanor, his conscience? He will be so unhappy—he will be so miserable."

Laura disengaged herself from the loving arm that had supported her, and started to her feet.

"Eleanor!" she cried, "where is he? Let me go to him! It is not too late to undo all this, perhaps. He can put back the real will, can't he?"

"No, the real will is lost."

"He can destroy the false one, then."

"I don't think he will have the chance of doing that, Laura. If his heart is not hardened against remorse, he will have plenty of time for repentance between this and the time when the will is read. If he wishes to undo what he has done, he may make a confession to his aunts, and throw himself upon their mercy. They are the only persons likely to be injured by what he has done. The money was left to them in the original will, no doubt."

"He shall confess, Eleanor," cried Laura. "I will throw myself upon my knees at his feet, and I won't leave him till he promises me to undo what he has done. His aunts will keep the secret, for their own sakes. They wouldn't like the world to know that their nephew could do such a wicked thing. He shall confess to them, and let them have the fortune, and then we can be married, and then we shall be as happy together as if he had never done wrong. Let me go to him."

"Not to-night, Laura. Look at the clock."

Eleanor pointed to the dial of the timepiece opposite them. It was half-past two o'clock.

"I will see him to-morrow morning, then, Eleanor. I will see him!"

"You shall, my dear; if you think it wise or right to do so."

But Laura Mason did not see her lover the next morning; for when the morning came she was in a burning fever, brought on by the agitation and excitement of the previous night. A medical man was summoned from Windsor to attend upon her, and Eleanor sat by her bedside, watching her as tenderly as a mother watches her sick child.

Gilbert Monckton too was very anxious about his ward, and came up to the door of Laura's room, to make inquiries many times in the course of that day.

(To be continued.)

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

No letter probably ever created such a rumpus in the world of women (in which we include a large number of elderly, should-be editors), as the epistolary edict of the Queen of England to the ladies of England, written at her special request, by that famous Knight of the Quill, Sir Punch. It is well known in select and aristocratic circles, that Sir Punch is Her Majesty's private secretary, and that these terrible articles, in which vice is scathed and folly satirized, are the joint production of Her Majesty of England and her humble but honored Secretary, Sir Punch. It may be asked why these important documents are not published in England's great bombard, the *Times*; but the question is very easily answered, by stating that it publishes so many comic leaders, that it is not a fitting medium for the serious thoughts and moral apophthegms of Her Majesty and Sir Punch. The Queen, therefore, addresses her loving subjects through a publication edited by the Synod of Bishops, who, out of compliment to Her Majesty, have named it after her favorite secretary, Sir Punch. Americans, who travel in England, feel deeply mortified at the ignorance displayed in this country as to the real character of the paper which was named, by the Bishops, after Sir Punch, the Queen's Secretary. They are compelled to acknowledge that all the quotations made from that work in our journals are headed "Facetia," "A Bowl of Punch," "A Jorum of Punch," "Punchiana," and other frivolous captions, thus wilfully turning philosophy, wisdom and morality into ribald jesting. We can imagine how they (our countrymen) must blush in the presence of the majesty of England when this humiliating fact is commented upon. The serious manner, however, in which our journals have received the letter of the Queen of England to the ladies of England, written at the request of the Queen, by her private secretary, Sir Punch, and published in the paper edited by the Synod of Bishops, will do much to reinstate the American people in the good opinion of European nations; for it proves that we are able to distinguish, without help, fact from fiction—the real from the sham; that, if we have made a many-years' mistake, we are not ashamed to acknowledge it, and that our sense for "smiling a rat" is as good as anybody else's—and better, too, for the matter of that.

September is the month of universal openings, excepting, of course, the Southern ports which are blockading, and may emphatically be termed the beginning of something that is to follow. Schools, academies and colleges are opening; theatres, circuses and concert halls are opening; millinery and dry-goods stores are opening; pockets and purses are opening, and Gilmore is opening Charleston, in the re-creating State South Carolina, pretty efficiently. The only thing that is perpetually open is the campaign in Virginia, which presents the stirring prospect of never being closed. One of the pleasantest openings of September is that of Niblo's Garden for the regular

autumn and winter season. This establishment has been going through a course of success very trying to Mr. Wheatley's constitution, but exceedingly comfortable to his pocket. Night after night, for nearly eighty nights, Mr. Wheatley performed the arduous character of Capt. Henri Lagader; full houses greeted his admirable performance, by the second time during the run of the "Duties of a Soldier," he had to succumb to sickness engendered by over exertion continued through the whole space of the heated term, and the theatre had to be closed four nights last week. Mr. Wheatley is now, we are happy to say, quite convalescent.

Mr. Bandmann, the talented young German tragedian, commenced at Niblo's on Saturday evening, in the character of Shylock. We noticed his performance in this play, and shall reserve our further comments until we have seen him in his new character of Narcissus, which he performs this week. Mr. Bandmann will play alternately with Mr. Edwin Forrest, whom we very cordially welcome back to the scene of his many triumphs. We anticipate that his present engagement will be the most brilliant he has ever played in New York. We understand that during his summer recess he has been studying one or two new characters, which he will shortly present to the public in a style of great perfection. This announcement will be received by the public with much pleasure, and will excite a boundless curiosity in the world of theatre-goers.

The Ghost at Wallack's is a delusion and a snare, for it deludes an overcrowded and generous audience, which it ensnares in the first place, to witness its mysterious comings and goings. It has become accustomed to public nocturnal visitations, and is infinitely more impressive and effective than it was on our first visit. Some changes have rendered the piece more acceptable, so that there is nothing now to interfere with the enjoyment of the evening. The audiences are as large as ever.

We were much pleased with Mrs. D. P. Bowers's rendering of Camille. It was womanly, tender, and, at the same time, spirited and vivacious. It was over-refined, perhaps, for we have been accustomed to a broader style of rendering this character, but was not, necessarily, unnatural, for wide indeed is the difference in those in that class of society to which she is supposed to belong. The crowded audience welcomed her efforts most warmly, calling her out several times to acknowledge the heartiness of their approbation. Mrs. Bowers appears this week in her drama of "Lady Audley's Secret," which is said to be her chef d'œuvre. The management of the Winter Garden has prepared for this piece some wonderful ghostly effects.

The Stereopticon, at Irving Hall, is exhibited nightly to fashionable and intelligent audiences. It has achieved a great success by the force of its exceeding beauty and excellence. The reproduction of landscapes, architecture and statuary on so large a scale, affording such a wonderful amount of elaborate detail, is certainly a marvel of the stereoscopic art, and should be seen by everybody.

So great has been the curiosity to see the Indian Chiefs at Barnum's Museum, that the management felt compelled to re-engage them for a few days longer. These wild children of Nature are well worth seeing and hearing, for their songs and dances are among the most curious exhibitions we ever witnessed. Their stay will be very short. Manager Clarke presents some capital dramas and farces every afternoon and evening in the Lecture-room, and the Python or Eastern Dragon is a rare monster, especially at feeding time. There are numberless other wonderful things to be seen at Barnum's Museum.

A visit to Wood's Minstrels is very good for the health, for the entertainments are so full of broad, genuine humor that the most discontented visitor becomes amiable—a state of mind most necessary to perfect digestion. It is certainly the coolest and most beautiful Minstrel Hall in the country, and the performances are more varied and more excellent than at any similar establishment. The return of Eph Horn is cordially welcomed by all the habitués of the place, and adds an important attraction to the already fine company.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE old Baron de Sevrès is dead in France. Among the property he left were found two large and heavy boxes, which were supposed by the heirs to contain cash, but turned out to be filled with hundreds of thousands of all imaginable kinds of pins. For the last 20 years his regular habit has been to pass along the most frequented streets and places of public resort, and to pick up any pins he discovered on the ground.

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

"I change, and so do women too;
But I reflect—which women never do."
To which a lady is said to have replied:
"If women reflected, oh, scribbler declare,
What man—faithless man—would be blessed by the fair!"

AN auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation, thus exalted the merits of a carpet: "Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies;
Old D.D. takes the cure of souls,
And M.D. takes the cure of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One takes the cure without the care—
T'other the cure without the cure.

ONE of the best epitaphs and parodies in one that ever was printed is Punch's pathetic stanza "On a Locomotive:"

"Collisions four
Or five she bore:
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her boiler busted,
And smashed the excursion train."

A LOVER had been offered a kiss by his "bright particular," if he would prove his assertion that locomotives are accustomed to chew tobacco, as well as smoke their pipes, which he did thus:

Giving his arms the proper yank,
To imitate an engine crank,
The motion forward first to show,
And then the backward motion, too;
Eager to press the promised prize,
He puckered his lips and twinkled his eyes,
To smack her.
"Observe the sound
As the crank comes round,"
He archly said;
"It's choo—choo—choo—
To go ahead,
And choo—choo—cheer,
To back her!"

"JOHN," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving the down off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving-water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

"AN indiarubber ship!" exclaimed an old sailor, who had been listening to a description of such a proposed invention, "that would never do, because it would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

"THAT," sir, is the spirit of the Press," said a lady, as she handed a glass of cider to a gentleman.

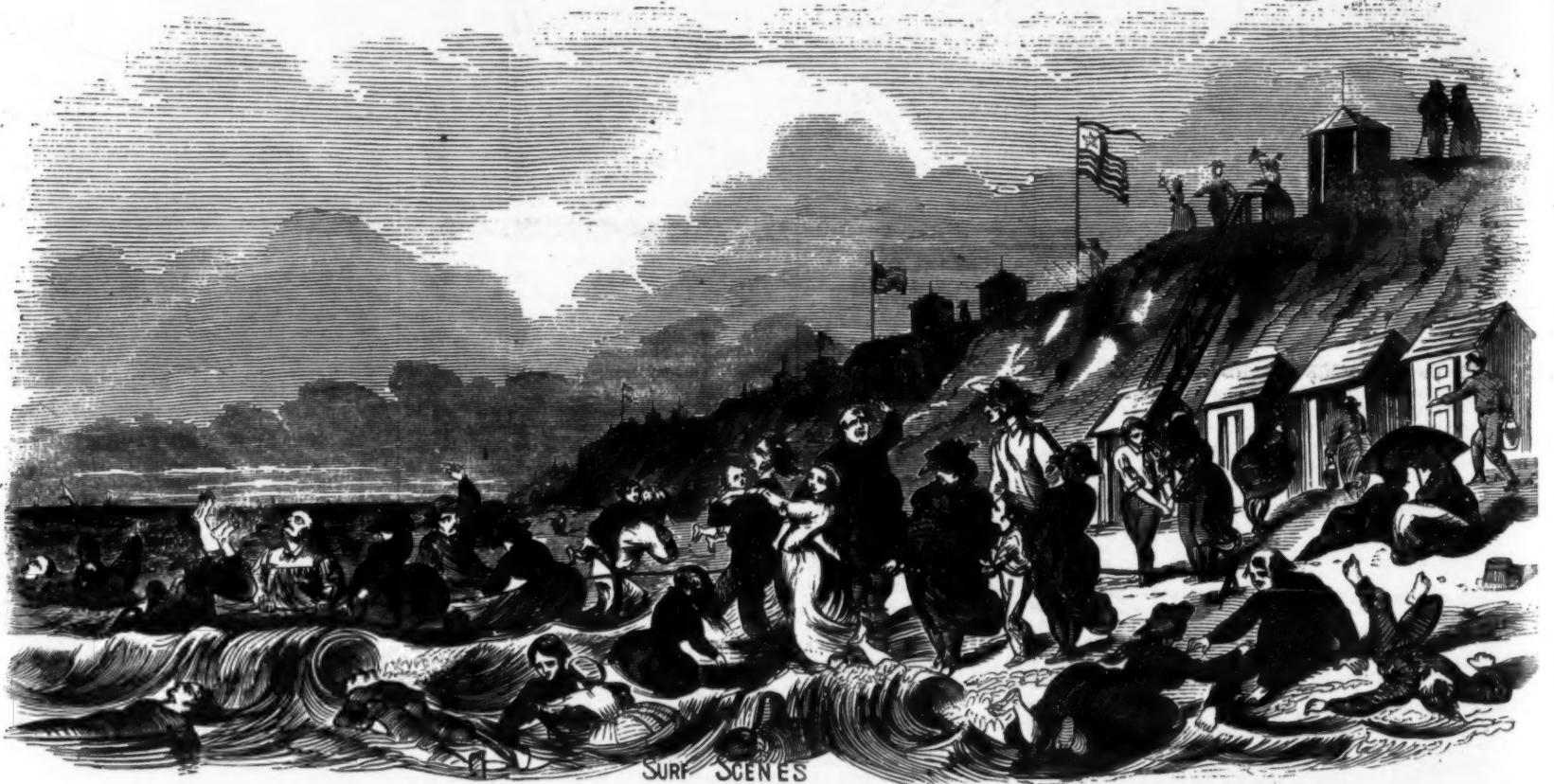
MODESTY.—At an evening party, a gentleman carving a chicken asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot handle," she said.



MY DAUGHTER MR FITZ-NOODLE



WHO IS THAT PA?



SURF SCENES

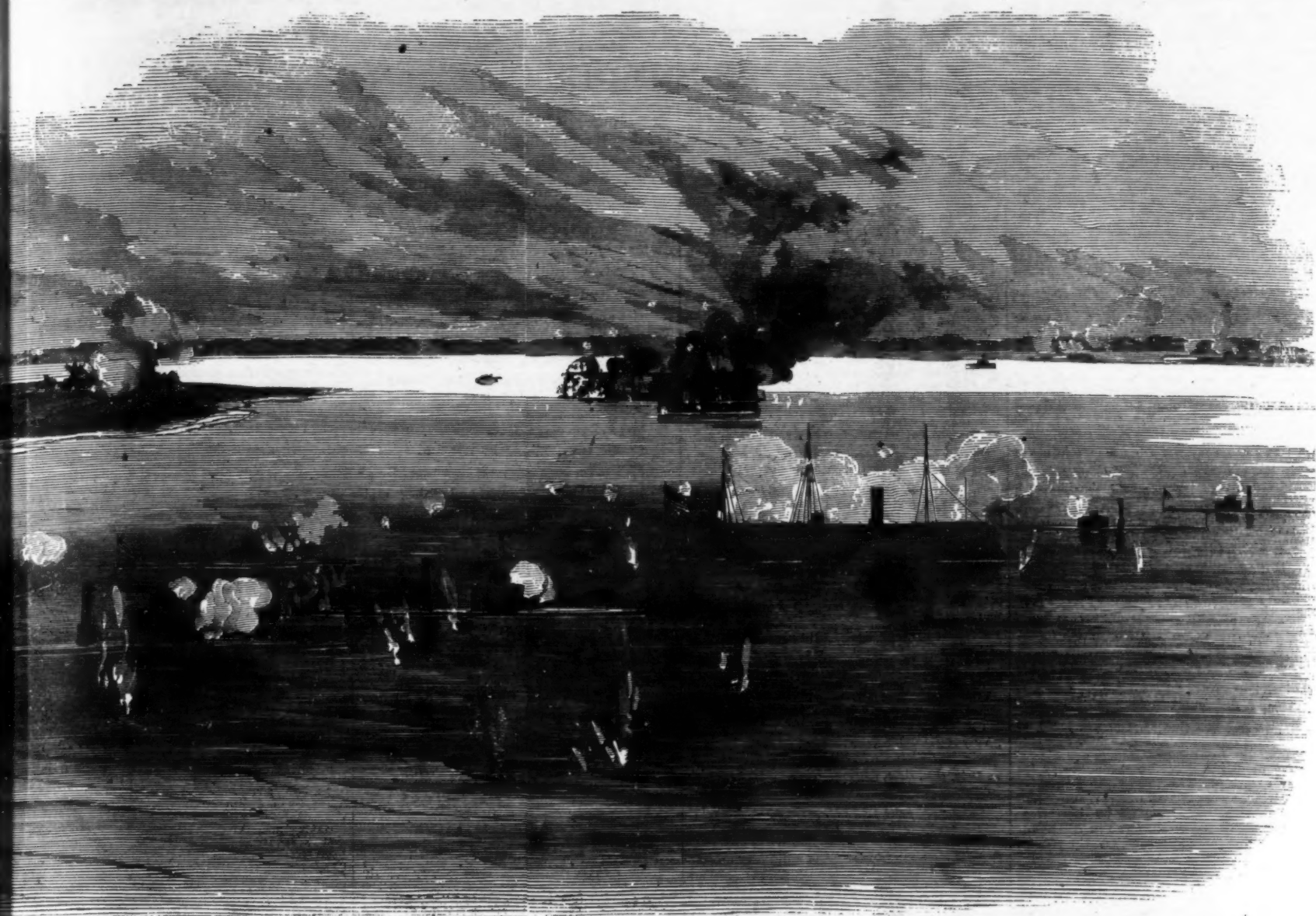


MUD PIES

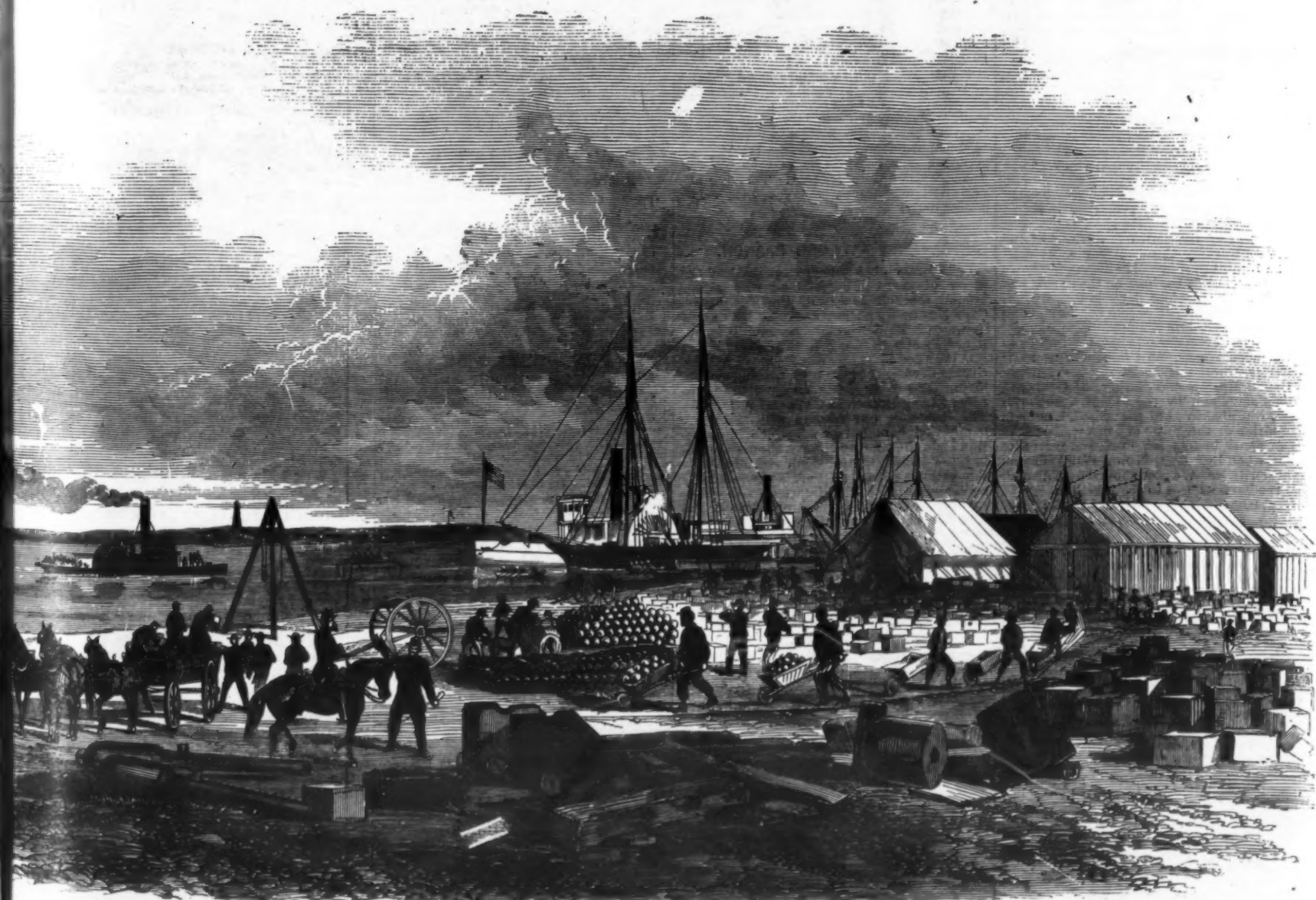


CATCHING A CRAB

OUR SUMMER RESORTS—BATHING AT LONG BRANCH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. BRYMAN.



MEET AND SOME OF GILLMORE'S LAND BATTERIES, AUGUST 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ORDNANCE DEPOT, MORRIS ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The Ironsides Fight of August 17.

Admiral Dahlgren thus describes the action of the gunboats on the 17th:

Early in the morning General Gillmore opened all his batteries upon Fort Sumter, firing over Fort Wagner and the intermediate space.

About the same time I moved up the entire available naval force, leading with my flag in the Weehawken, followed by the Ostankill, Nahant and Montauk; the Passaic and Patapsco in reserve for Sumter; the Ironsides in position opposite to Wagner, and the gunboats named in the margin at long range, viz: Canandaigua, J. F. Green; Mahaska, Commander J. B. Creighton; Cimmarone, Commander A. K. Hughes; Ottawa, Lieutenant Commander J. L. Davis; Dai-Ching, Lieutenant Commander J. L. Chaplin; Ladona, Lieutenant Commander E. Brodhead.

As the tide rose the Weehawken was closed to about four hundred and fifty yards of Fort Wagner; the other three monitors followed, and the Ironsides was taken as near as her great draught of water permitted.

After a steady and well directed fire Wagner was silenced about fifteen minutes past nine A. M., and the fire of our own vessels was slackened in consequence.

Meanwhile the fire of our shore batteries was working effectively upon the gorge of Sumter, which appeared to have been strengthened in every possible manner.

At this time the flag was shifted to the Passaic, which, with the Patapsco, both having rifled guns, steamed up the channel until within two thousand yards of Fort Sumter, when fire was opened on the gorge, angle and southeast front of the work.

The Patapsco fired very well, and is believed to have struck the southeast front nine consecutive times.

To all this Sumter scarcely replied. Wagner was silenced, and Battery Gregg alone maintained a deliberate fire at the Passaic and Patapsco.

It was now noon. The men had been hard at work from daybreak, and needed rest; so I withdrew the vessels to give them dinner.

During the afternoon our shore batteries continued the fire at Sumter with little or no reply from the enemy, and I contented myself with sending up the Passaic and Patapsco to prevent Wagner from repairing damages.

The fort replied briskly, but in a short time left off firing.

I am not able to state with exactness the result of the day's work, but am well satisfied with what a distant view of Sumter allowed me.

Our entire power is not yet developed, as it will be daily, while the enemy is damaged without being able to repair.

The officers and men of the vessels have done their duty well, and will continue to do so.

All went well with us, save one sad exception, Captain Rodgers, my chief of staff, was killed, as well as Paymaster Woodbury, who was standing near him.

Correspondents describe the scene as intensely exciting. The fire of the Ironsides was terrific, sweeping at once Wagner and Moultrie with her tremendous batteries. The little monitors, as they ran in, did handsome battering on old Sumter, and the rebels, roused by the fire, endeavored in vain to injure their little opponents.

No vessel was seriously damaged, although the Ironsides was struck sixty times—the loss of a shutter and the derangement of Capt. Rowan's cabin being the extent of injury. No one was injured except the two named by Admiral Dahlgren.

The effect of the fire was visible. One gun in Fort Sumter was knocked off into the water; the parapet was knocked off, and thirty or forty large holes could be counted on the face.

Besides this view of the naval attack, sketched from Craig hill, we give four views of Fort Sumter, showing progressively the power of the tremendous artillery of Gen. Gillmore, from the 16th August, when his first four shots resounded against its doomed walls, to the 23d, when it lay a mass of ruins. Such terrible work was perhaps never done in so short a time, and yet these sketches do not show all, for deserters declare that the opposite sea walls are receiving quite as much damage as those here shown.

The first of the series is a view of the gorge wall, where the first four shots fired on the 16th August struck. The next shows the appearance of the fort on the evening of the 19th, after the first day's bombardment. The damage sustained during the succeeding day can be traced on the following sketch.

The last view is one taken on the 23d, from the Beacon House, on the beach, near our batteries, where our Artist, by the courtesy of Capt. Brooks and Burger, of Gen. Gillmore's staff, and by the aid of a powerful glass, was able to note the almost complete demolition of the gorge and sea walls.

Our paper has shown Fort Sumter in its pride, when Beauregard compelled Anderson to evacuate it. We now show it demolished, and rendered useless to the rebellion.

Gen. Gillmore's report is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Aug. 24, 1863.
Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

Sir—I have the honor to report the practical demolition of Fort Sumter as the result of our seven days' bombardment of that work, including two days of which a powerful north-easterly storm most seriously diminished the accuracy and effect of our fire. Fort Sumter is to-day a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins. My Chief of Artillery, Col. J. N. Turner, reports its destruction so far complete that it is no longer of any avail in the defenses of Charleston. He also says that by a longer fire it could be made more completely a ruin and a mass of broken masonry, but could scarcely be more powerless for the defense of the harbor.

My breaching batteries were located at distances varying between 3,330 and 4,340 yards from the work, and now remain as efficient as ever. I deem it unnecessary at present to continue their fire upon the ruins of Sumter.

I have also, at great labor and under a heavy fire from James Island, established batteries on my left, within effective range of the heart of Charleston, and have opened with them after giving Gen. Beauregard due notice of my intention to do so.

My notification to Gen. Beauregard, his reply thereto, with the threat of retaliation, and my rejoinder, have been transmitted to the Army Headquarters.

The projectiles from my batteries entered the city, and Gen. Beauregard himself designated them as the most destructive missiles ever used in war.

The report of my chief of Artillery, and an accurate sketch of the ruins of Sumter, taken at 12 M., yesterday, six hours before we ceased firing, are herewith transmitted.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Q. A. GILLMORE, Brig.-Gen. Com'd'g.

OFFICE OF CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., August 24, 1863.

GENERAL—I have the honor to report the effect of our breaching batteries have had upon Fort Sumter, and the condition of that work to-night.

At the close of the seven days' bombardment, the gorge wall of the fort is almost a complete mass of ruins for the distance of several casemates. About midway on this face the ramparts are removed nearly, and in places, quite to the arches; and but for the sandbags, with which the casemates are filled, and which have served to sustain the broken arches and masses of masonry, it would have long since been entirely cut away, and with it the arches to the floor of the second tier of casemates.

The debris on this front now forms a rampart reaching as high as the floor of these casemates. The parapet wall of the two north-easterly faces is completely carried away, a small portion only being left in the angle made with the gorge wall, and the ramparts of these faces are also a total ruin.

Quite one-half of our projectiles seem to have struck the parapet and parapet of these two faces, and judging from the effect they have had upon the gorge wall, within our observation, the destruction of masonry on these two sides must be very great, and I am of the opinion that nearly every arch in these fronts must be broken in.

But one gun remains in position on these two fronts, and this is in the angle of the gorge, and, I think, unserviceable. The ruin extends around, taking in the north-easterly face as far as can be seen.

A portion of this face, adjoining the angle it makes with the south-easterly face, is concealed; but, from the great number of missiles which have struck in this angle during the last two days, it cannot be otherwise than greatly damaged, and I do not think any guns can be left on this face in a serviceable condition.

The ramparts in this angle, as well as in the south-easterly face, must be ploughed up and greatly shattered.

The parapet on this latter face is torn off in many places, as we can see, and I hardly think the platforms of the remaining guns on this face could have escaped.

With the assistance of a powerful glass I cannot determine that more than one of these guns can be used, and it has been dismantled once.

The carriages of the others are evidently more or less shattered, and such is the condition of the parapet and parapet in the immediate vicinity of the gun that it probably could not be served for any length of time.

In fine, the destruction of the fort is so far complete that it is to-day of no avail in the defense of the harbor of Charleston.

By a longer fire it can be made more completely a ruin and a mass of broken masonry, but could scarcely be more powerless for the defense of the harbor.

I therefore respectfully submit my opinion that a continuance of our fire is no longer necessary, as giving us no ends adequate for the consumption of our resources.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN N. TURNER,

Colonel and Chief of Artillery.
To Brig.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, Commanding Dept. of the South, Morris Island, S. C.

Engineers' and Ordnance Depots, Morris Island.

Our Artist sends us the following description of these depots: "The Engineer depot, of which I inclose a view, is superintended by Capt. Cruise, of the New York Volunteer Engineers. Here is found every appurtenance of the profession, with skillful artificers to carry out all orders. This depot is of immense importance to the interests of the command at this juncture. I also send a view of the Ordnance depot at Lighthouse inlet. Very busy scenes are enacted here, in view of the immense work before the army. Tons of shot and shell lie piled up, waiting to be taken by the teamsters up to the front, to be hurled against the rebel foe."

The work of the teamsters is one of the most perilous, as they seem to constitute the especial target of the enemy's long-reaching guns. Familiarity with the road teaches them the best places for cover, and so soon as a shell from Sumter or Johnson or Wagner explodes they hurry their teams from one point of shelter to another. Thrilling adventures and narrow escapes thus occur almost daily.

BATHING AT LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch has this year centred all the lovers of sun-bathing and all who gather around the fair lovers of the salt water. Cape May being no longer accessible, except by way of Philadelphia, does not compete with it, while at Long Branch every house was crowded to its utmost excess. Fashions change even in the matter of bathing and enjoying the sea air. Our clever artist gives Life at Long Branch as it appears A. D. 1863. The incidents, our readers will admit, are happy and happily treated. The introduction amid the roaring billows, the crab-catching, the lolling in the sand, and especially the bathing scene, all look so refreshingly cool, and bear such an impress of the *dolce far niente*, that they quite prevent our describing them in a hot city with sufficient appreciation. Imagination must supply our deficiency.

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New Haven, June 1, 1863.

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H. LEE SCRANTON.

New Haven, June 1, 1863.

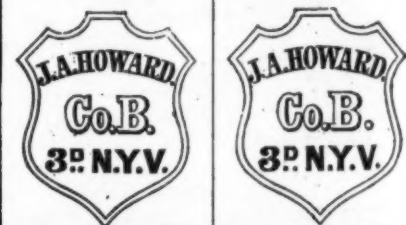
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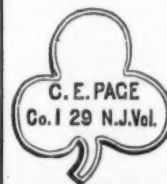
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